



W. Brownie pinxit

8.5.51

P O E M S

U P O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

L A T I N A N D E N G L I S H .

BY THE LATE

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ;

PUBLISHED BY HIS SON.

L O N D O N .

PRINTED FOR J. NOURSE, IN THE STRAND,
AND C. MARSH, AT CHARING-CROSS.

MDCCLXVIII.



Hughmore pinx.

Ravenot sculp.

3.5.51

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NEW YORK

1901

VOLUME 2

PLATE 1

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PUBLISHED BY THE

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PRINTED BY

AND

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE following is a Collection of Poems, written by my Father at different periods of his life. Those, which have been before printed, have been generally admired; and, I hope, the few, now published for the first time, will meet with as favourable a reception.

The Poem *De Animi Immortalitate* having been out of print some years, a new Edition, with some corrections from the Author's Manuscript, cannot be unacceptable to the Publick. Mr. Soame Jenyns has very obligingly permitted his elegant Translation to be printed with it.

The Epistle addressed to Mr. Highmore upon *Design and Beauty* was one of the
A Author's

TO THE READER.

Author's first performances. The Platonic idea of *Beauty* is pursued through the whole poem; by *Design* is meant, in a large and extensive sense, that power of Genius, which enables the real Artist, to collect together his scattered ideas, to range them in proper order, and to form a regular plan, before he attempts to execute any work in Architecture, Painting, or Poetry.

The Pipe of Tobacco was written in imitation of Cibber, Ambrose Phillips, Thomson, Young, Pope, and Swift. The Imitation of Ambrose Phillips was not written by my Father, but sent to him by an ingenious Friend.

There is no occasion to say any thing of the other Pieces; but *the Latin Fragment* may require some little explanation. The Author designed to have confuted the opinions of Lord Bolingbroke concerning

TO THE READER.

concerning the moral Attributes of the Deity, and the Doctrine of a future State; though unfortunately he never accomplished this design, the verses, which he had finished, were thought too valuable to be suppressed.

It will not be necessary for me to enlarge upon the Character of the Author. His merit is well known; and these Poems will be an ample, and, I hope, a lasting testimony, not only of an extensive and improved Genius, but of a Reason employed upon the noblest Subjects, and a Heart anxious for the Publick Good.

Isaac Hawkins Browne.

TO THE READER

THESE are the first of a series of
lectures on the history of the
United States, and are intended
to be a general introduction to the
study of the subject. The lectures
will be given at the University of
Chicago, and will be open to all
who are interested in the history
of the United States. The lectures
will be given in the following
order: 1. The Discovery of America;
2. The Early History of the
United States; 3. The American
Revolution; 4. The American
Civil War; 5. The American
Reconstruction; 6. The American
West; 7. The American South;
8. The American North; 9. The
American Future.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

S O N N E T.

ONCE more, my *Hawkins*, I attempt to raise
My feeble voice to urge the tuneful song
Of that sweet Muse, which to her Country's wrong
Or sleeps, or only wakes to *Latian* lays.

Great is the Merit, well-deserv'd the praise
Of that last Work, where Reasoning just and strong
In charming verse thy name shall bear along
To learned foreigners, and future days:

Yet do not thou thy native language scorn,
In which great *Shakespear*, *Spenser*, *Milton* sang
Such strains as may with *Greek*, or *Roman* vie:
This cultivate, raise, polish, and adorn;
So each fair Maid shall on thy numbers hang,
And every *Briton* bless thy melody.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

SONNET

ONCE more, my Father, I attempt to write

My little voice to give the world to hear

Of that first bliss, which to her Country's wrong

Or hope, or only wish to Britain gave

Great is the bliss, which to the world is given

Of that first bliss, which to her Country's wrong

In charming words the name shall bear along

To every heart, and every ear

Yet is not from the native language born

In which great Britain's name, and Britain's wrong

Such fitness as may wish to Britain give

This ordinary name, so little and so soon

So each fair Maid shall on the mirror hang

And every Boy shall on the wall

THOMAS EDWARDS

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D E

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

P O E M A.

Πᾶς ὀδυνηρὸς βίῃ ἀνθρώπων,
Κῆκ' ἔσι πόνων ἀνάπαυσις·
Ἄλλ' ὅ, τι τῷ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο,
Σκότῳ ἀμπίχον κρύπτει νεφέλαις.
Δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες
Τῷ δ', ὅτι τῷτο σίλβει κτ' γλυῦ,
Δι' ἀπειροσύναν ἄλλου βιώτῃ,
Κῆκ' ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·
Μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεθα. Euripides.

B

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

P O E M A.

Πᾶς ἀνθρώπος θεῷ συνίσταται.

Καὶ ἐπὶ τῷ νοῦν ἀνακινεῖται.

Ἄλλ' οἱ τὴν τοῦ Φύσεως ἀνάμνησιν.

Σκοτὸν ἀμνηστίας καὶ τῆς ἀληθείας.

Διακρίνει καὶ φανερώνει αὐτῇ.

Τὴν, οὗ τὸ πνεῦμα καὶ τὸ φῶς.

Δι' ἀναπόστολον ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐκείνην.

Καὶ λυτῶσιν τὴν τοῦ γένους.

Μόδος ὁ ἀλλοῦ φανερῶς. Ἐπιφάνεια.

REVERENDISSIMO PRÆSULI

T H O M Æ

ARCHIEPISCOPO CANTUARIENSI,

T O T I U S A N G L I Æ
P R I M A T I

Hoc quaecunque de Re gravissima Poema

Dat dicat dedicat

ISAACUS HAWKINS BROWNE.

REVERENDISSIMO PRESULI

T H O M A E

ARCHIEPISCOPO CANTUARIENSI

TOTIUS ANGLIE

PRIMATI

Hoc quæscopus de Re gregiâna Posna

Pat dicit de his

Laurea Hawkins Hec

H

D E

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER PRIMUS.

CÆTERA per terras animalia forte fruuntur
Quam sua cuique dedit Natura; nec amplius optant.

Solus homo, qui scire sagax, cui summa cupido
Scrutari causas et mutua fœdera rerum,
Vanum iter ingreditur; nigris namque imminet alis, 5
Et cursu in medio Mors intercludit euntem.

Quorsum isthoc, si nil sapientia dia creârit
Incaſſum? Quorsum hæc divinæ semina mentis,

In proprios si non poteruntadolescere fructus?

Ecquid enim prodest rerum cognoscere causas; 19

Jungere venturis præsentia; mente vagari

Solem atque astra super, morituro? Scilicet omnes

Una manet Lethi lex et commune sepulcrum.

Nonne ergo satius cum Phyllide ludere in umbra;

6 DE ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

Teque, Lyæ pater, lætis celebrare choreis? 15
Novit enim Bacchus curas depellere, novit
Præteriti sensus abolere metumque futuri.

Quare age, vina liques: epulæ, convivâ, Iusus,
Psallere docta Chloe, citharæque perita Neæra,
Non absint; volucris rape lætus dona diei; 20
Quærere nec cures quid crastina proferat hora.

Atqui pertæsum est harum citò deliciarum;
Scilicet, hæc fatiat vix dum libata voluptas.
Ergo dimissis quæramus seria nugis.
Accumulentur opes; ducit quò gloria, quòve 25
Ambitio, stipatus eas examine denso
Manè salutantum. Quid multa? Huc denique eòdem
Volveris, ut clames heu! quantum in Rebus inane!

Quænam igitur tentanda via est? Ubi littus amicum?
Nempe vides ut semper avet, dum corpore clausa est, 30
Mens

Mens alia ex aliis scire, ac sine fine gradatim
Æternum (sic fert Natura) attingere Verum.

Gaudia quinetiam non hæc fugientia poscit,
At magis apta sibi, vicibusque obnoxia nullis;
Gaudia perpetuum non interitura per ævum. 35

Quare fume animum; neque enim sapientia dia
Frustra operam impendit; neque mens arctabitur istis
Limitibus quibus hoc periturum corpus; at exfors
Terrenæ labis viget, æternùmque vigebit:
Atque ubi corporeis emissa, ut carcere, vinclis, 40
Libera cognatum repetet, vetus incola, cœlum,
Nectareos latices Veri de fonte perenni
Hauriet, ætheriumque perennis carpit Amomum.

At verò dum vita manet (si vita vocanda est
Corporis hæc cæco conclusa putamine) torpet 45
Vivida vis animi, nec ovantes explicat alas.
Multa tamen veteris retinet vestigia stirpis.

Unde etenim tot res reminiscitur? Unde tot apto
 Ordine disponit, mox et depromit in usus?
 Quippe haud tam locuples hæc, tamque immensa supellex
 Corporis in cellis poterit stipata teneri;
 Aut vi corporea revocari in luminis oras.

Illa etiam inventrix, varias quæ protulit artes,
 Suppeditans vitæ decus et tutamen egenæ;
 Nomina quæ imposuit rebus, vocemque ligavit
 Literulis; aut quæ degentes more ferarum,
 Dispersosque homines deduxit in oppida; quæve
 Legibus edomuit, fœdusque coegit in unum;
 Quænam isthæc nisi Vis divinior, ætheriusque
 Sensus, et afflatu cœlesti concita virtus?

Jam quorum undanti eloquium fluit amne, rapitque
 Quod velit affectus, tonitruque et fulgura miscet;
 Divitias trahit unde suas? Vigor igneus ille
 Num mortale sonat? Quid censes carmina vatum?
 Sive etenim flexu numerorum vique canora,

Oblectet varia dulcedine lapsus ad aures;
Seu, speciosa canens rerum miracula, fictis
Ludat imaginibus, peragretque per intima cordis;
Nil parvum spirat, nil non sublime Poeta.

Cumque super terris quæ fiunt, quæque tuemur 70

Omnia, curriculo volventia semper eodem,
Non explent animum, varia et magis ampla petentem;
Sanctus adest Vates, per quem sublimior ordo,
Pulcrrior et species, et mentis idonea votis
Exoritur, vitæ spes auguriumque futuræ. 75

Quid, qui cœlestes nôrunt describere motus;
Sidera, qua circa solem, qua lege Cometæ
Immensum per Inane rotentur, ut æthere vasto
Astra alia illustrent alios immota planetas;
Nonne hanc credideris mentem, quæ nunc quoq; Cœlum
Astraque pervolitat, delapsam cœlitus, illuc 81
Unde abiit remeare, suasque revifere sedes?

Quî tandem hæc fierent nisi quædam in mente subesset

Vis

Vis sua, materiæ mixtura immunis ab omni ?
 Conscia porrò sibi est, vult, nonvult, odit, amatque, 85
 Et timet, et sperat, ; gaudet, mœretque sua vi
 Ipsa ; ministerio neque corporis indiget ullo :
 Viribus ipsa suis inter se comparat, et res
 Sejungit rebus ; vaga dissociataque Veri
 Membra minutatim legit, ac concinnat amicè. 90
 Elicit hinc rerum causas, atque artibus artes
 Hinc alias aliis super extruit ordine pulcro ;
 Et magis atque magis summa ad fastigia tendit
 Unde omnis series causarum apparet, et omnis
 Numinis à folio ad terram demissa catena. 95
 Denique et in sese descendit, et aspicit intus
 Rerum ideas, quo quæque modo nascantur ; et unde
 Cogitet, ac prope jam sua quæ fit fabrica novit.
 Tantane corporea est virtus ? An machina vires
 Percipit ulla suas, aut quid sibi præbeat escam ? 100
 Omne etenim corpus nihil est nisi machina, motu
 Impulsa externo, non interiore suoque.

Vulgi igitur studiis noli altæ mentis acumen
Metiri; ast illos, etiam nunc laude recentes,
Contemplare viros tellus quos Attica, vel quos 105
Roma, nec alterutri cedens tulit Anglia, nutrix
Heroum, dum tempus erat, melioribus annis.

Quid tibi tot memorem divino pectore vates,
Totve repertores legum, fandive potentes?
Quid, per quos venit spectanda scientia; dudum 110
Informi cooperta situ, lucemque perosa?
Ante alios verò Baconus, ut ætherius sol,
Effulgens, artes aditum patefecit ad omnes.
Hic à figmentis Sophiam revocavit ineptis
Primus; quæque regit fida Experientia gressus, 115
Securum per iter, Newtono scilicet idem
Designatque viam, et præcursor lampada tradit.

Illustres animæ! Si quid mortalia tangunt
Cœlicolas, si gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ;
Vos precor, antiquum Vos instauratione vigorem; 120
Ut

Ut tandem excusso nitamur ad ardua somno,
Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

Nempe horum egregias reor haud sine numine dotes
Enasci potuisse; Deum quin tempore in omni
Consperxisse, velut stellas, hinc inde locorum 125
Splendidiora animi quasi quædam lumina; ut istis
Accensa exemplis se degener efferat ætas,
Agnoscatque suū quàm sit sublimis origo.

Præterea esse aliquid verè quod pertinet ad nōs,
Morte obita, nemo secum non concipit; intus, 130
Monstratum est intus; testatur docta vetustas;
Publica vox clamat; neque gens tam barbara quæ non
Prospiciat trans funus, et ulteriora requirat.

Hinc feritur, tardè crescens, et posthuma merces,
Quercus, natorum natis quæ profit: et ingens 135
Pyramidum moles stat inexpugnabilis annis.

Hinc

Hinc cura illa omnis vivendi extendere metas,
Nomine victuro; tanti est hinc fama superstes,
Ingenio ut quisquis præcellit, nulla recuset
Ille subire pericla, nec ullos ferre labores, 140
Si modo venturi speciem sibi vendicet ævi,
Gloriaque ad feros veniat mansura nepotes.

Nonne videmus uti convictus criminis, ipso
Limine sub mortis, culpam tamen abneget omnem;
Mendax, ut sibi constet honos atque integra fama? 145
Nempe animis hæc insevit Natura Futuri
Indicia, obscurasque notas; hinc sollicita est mens,
De se posteritas quid sentiat; at nihil ad nos
Postera vox, erimus si nil nisi pulvis et umbra;
Sera venit, cineres nec tangit fama quietos. 150

Quid porrò exequiæ voluere? Quid anxia cura
Defunctis super, et moles operosa sepulcri?
Pars etenim terræ mandant exsangue cadaver,
Et tumulo ferta imponunt, et sacra quotannis

Perfol-

Pervolvunt; tanquam poscant ea munera Manes: 155

Exstructa pars ritè pyra, cremat insuper artus,

Colligit et cineres, fidaque reponit in urna;

Ut sic relliquiæ durando sæcula vincant.

Quid memorem fluctu quos divite Nilus inundans

Irrigat? His patrius mos non exurere flamma, 160

Non inhumare solo; sed nudant corpora primùm

Visceribus, terguntque; dehinc vim thuris odoram

Et picis infundunt, lentoque bitumine complent:

His demùm exactis, vittarum tegmine multo

Constringunt, pars ut sibi quæque cohæreat aptè; 165

Picta superficiem decorat viventis imago,

Usque adeò ingenita est spes, et fiducia cuique

Consignata, fore ut membris jam morte solutis

Restet adhuc nostri melior pars; quam neque Fati

Vis perimet, nec edax poterit delere vetustas. 170

Aspice quas Ganges interluit Indicus oras:

Illic gens hominum medios se mittit in ignes,

Impatiens

Impatiens vitæ; vel ad ipsa altaria Divûm
Sponte animam reddit, percussa cupidine cæca
Migrandi, sedes ubi fata dedêre quietas; 175
Ver ubi perpetuum, et soles sine nube fereni.

Nec minùs uxores famâ celebrantur Eoæ:
Non illæ lacrymis, non fœmineo ululatu
Fata virûm plorant; verûm, (mirabile dictu!)
Conscenduntque rogum, flammaque vorantur eâdem. 180
Nimirûm credunt veterum sic posse maritûm
Ire ipsas comites, tædamque novare sub umbris.

Aspice quâ Boreas æternaque frigora spirant,
Invictas bello gentes: par omnibus ardor;
Par lucis contemptus agit per tela, per ignes, 185
Indomita virtute feros: hoc concitat œstrum,
Hos versat stimulos, Ecquid nisi dulcis imago
Promissæ in Patriam meritis per sæcula vitæ?

Adde isthuc quæ de campis narrantur amœnis
Elysi, Stygioque lacu, Phlegethontis et unda. 190

Fraude

Fraude Sacerdotum sint hæc conficta; Quid ad rem?
Non fraudi locus ullus enim nisi primitus esset
Insita notities, licet imperfecta, Futuri:
Substratum agnoscunt etenim ficta omnia Verum.

At quia difficile est mentem sine corpore quid sit 195
Per se concipere, et crasso sejungere sensu,
Corporeas illi tribuit plebecula formas;
Dat similes vultus, dat membra simillima veris,
Et certis habitare locis dat corporis instar,
Unde alii, quibus hæc prava et delira videntur 200
Nec constat quo more animus post fata supersit,
Extingui omnino communi funere censent,
Vel quia discendi nequeunt perferre laborem;
Vel quia turpe putant quidvis nescire fateri.
Namque opus haud tenue est sincerum excernere ficto.
Discute segnitiam idcirco, neque respue verum, 206
Fabellas propter quas intersperfit iniquus
Sive dolus, seu vana fuât petulantia Vatûm.

Quid,

Quid; nonne esse Deum consensus comprobatur omnis,
Consensus, qui vox Naturæ ritè putatur? 210

At quàm falsa homines, indignaque Numine fingunt!
Quippe humana Deo tribuunt, numerumque Deorum
Multiplicant, juxta ac spes erigit aut metus angit
Instabiles animos; Quid enim? Quæ profore credunt
Hæc Divos sibi præsentem, at Numina læva 215

Quæ metuere putant; valuitque infania tantum,
Bestiolas ut deformes pro numine, et ipsum
Cæpe etiam et porrum, coleret lymphata vetustas.

Hæc igitur reputans Sophiæ dux Atticus Ille
Affore prædixit perfecto temporis orbe, 220

* *Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas*
Auxilium adventumque Dei; qui, Solis ut ortus,
Discuteret tenebras animi, et per cæca viarum
Duceret, ipse regens certo vestigia filo.

Interea multis licuit dignoscere signis 225

Natura monstrante, velut per nubila, Verum.

* Virg. Æn. viii. 200.

C

Ergo

Ergo age qua ducit nos conjectura sequamur,
Nec spernamus opem si quam Ratio ipsa ministrat.

Haud equidem inficior mentem cum corpore multis
Consentire modis ; Lex mutua fœderis illa est : 230
Ast eadem in multis dispar se disparis esse
Naturæ probat ac divina stirpe profectam.

Sæpe videmus uti solido stant robore vires
Corporeæ, cum mens obtusior ; invalidoque
Corpore inest virtus sæpe acerrima mentis. 235
Quinetiam interitu si corporis intereat mens,
Consimili pacto par est ægrotet ut ægro
Corpore, quod fieri contrà quoque sæpe videmus.
Namque ubi torpescunt artus jam morte propinqua
Acrior est acies tum mentis, et entheus ardor ; 240
Tempore non alio facundia suavior, atque
Fatidicæ jam tum voces morientis ab ore.

Corporeis porrò si constat mens elementis,

Quî

Quî sit ut in somnis, cum clausa foramina sensûs,
Nec species externa manet quæ pabula menti 245
Sufficiat, magis illa vicens, tum denique veras
Expromat vires, tum se plaudentibus alis
Tollat, avi similis, eavea quæ fortè reclusa
Fertur ad alta volans, cœloque exultat aperto.

Jam si corporea est animi Natura, necesse est 250
Partibus hæc eadem conflata sit infinitis;
Ergo et sensus erit cuique, et sua cuique libido
Particulæ, totidemque animi in diversa trahentes.
Has inter turbas atque in certamine tanto
Dic, quo more queat verum consistere et æquum; 255
Et vitæ tenor unus, et hæc sibi conscia virtus.

Materiæ sed fortè situ certaue figura
Vis animi confit; ———tanquam quadrata rotundis
Plus saperent; ———partes seu demis an addis, eòdem
Res redit, ac quali fuerint corpuscula forma, ——— 260
Tantundem ad mentem est, color ac fiet albus an ater,

At quodam ex motu fit Vis quæ cogitat omnis :
Quid non conficiat motus ? Nempe ipsa voluntas,
Discursus, ratio, rerumque scientia constant
Vectibus ac trôchleis ; pueri, credo, actus habena 265
Concipit Ingenium, sapit et sub verbere turbo :
Nec non lege pari, liquor ut calefactus aheno est,
Eloquii tumet atque exundat divite vena.
Unde autem exoritur motus ? Mens scilicet una,
Mens, non corpus iners fons est et origo movendi : 270
Utque Deus Mundum, sic molem corporis omnem,
Arbitrio nutuque suo, mens dirigit intus.

Define quapropter mirari quomodo possit
Vivere mens omni detracto corpore, miror
Hoc potiùs qua vi poterit labefacta perire : 275
Utpote quæ nullis consistat partibus, ac non
Divelli queat externo violabilis ictu :
Tum porrò ipsa suâ motrix est, non aliundè
Instincta ; at quodcunque sua virtute movet se,
Viveth in æternum, quia se non deseret unquam. 280

Verùm

Verùm haud conceptu facile est existere quidvis
Possè quidem, formam si dempseris et posituram.

Quidnam igitur censes de Numine? Nam neque formam

Mens (quà scire licet) recipit divina, nec ullo

Circumscripta loco est, nisi forte putaveris ipsum 285

Materiam esse Deum; sin vero Spiritus Idem,

Integer et, purusque, et sæpe remotus ab omni

Corporis, humana pariter de mente putandum:

Ecquid enim per se pollet magis, aut magis haustus

Indicat ætherios, genus et divinitus ortum? 290

Atque adeo dum corporei stant fœdera nexûs,

Exit sæpe foras tamen, effugioque parat se;

Ac veluti terrarum hospes, non incola, fursum

Fertur, et ad patrios gestit remeare penates,

I nunc, usuram vitæ mirare caducam; 295

Sedulus huc illuc, ut musca, nitentibus alis

Pervolita, rorem deliba, vescere et aura

Paulisper, mox in nihilum rediturus et exspes.

Hæccine vitæ summa est? Sic irrita vota?

Huc promissa cadunt? En quantò verius illa, 300
Illa est vita hominis, dabitur cum cernere Verum,
Non, ut nunc facimus, sensim, longasque coacti
Ire per ambages meditando, at protinus uno
Intuitu, nebulaque omni jam rebus adempta.

At ne scire quidem poterit mens, forte reponas, 305
Sensibus extinctis; hoc fonte scientia manat;
Hoc alitur crescitque; hoc deficiente, peribit.

Quid verò infirmis cum sensibus, arte ministra,
Suppeditet vires sua quas Natura negavit?
Arte oculis oculos mens addidit, auribus aures. 310

Hinc sese in vita supra fortemque situmque
Evehit humanum; nunc cœlo devocat astra,
Intima nunc terræ referat penetralia victrix;
Quæque oculos fugiunt, tenuissima corpora promit
In lucem, panditque novi miracula mundi, 315

Quid

Quid porro errores sensûs cum corrigit, et cum
Formamque et molem mens intervallaque rerum
Judice se, contra sensûs suffragia cernit ?
Nonne hæc sejunctam sensu vim signa fatentur,
Semen et ætherium ? Quare hac compage soluta, 320
Credibile est animum, qui nunc præludia tentat,
Excursusque breves, tum demùm posse volatu
Liberiore frui, Verumque excurrere in omne.

Si quæras quî fiat, adhuc neque noscere fas est,
Nec refert nostra ; scisne istam matris in alvo 325
Vitam qualis erat ? Num nôrit amœna colorum
A partu cæcus ? Verùm inquis Hic quoque sentit
Esse aliis, sibi quod nato ad meliora negatur.

Mens itidem nihil hîc terrarum quicquid ubique est
Par votis videt esse suis ; quin omnia fordent 330
Præ forma æterni, servat quam pectore, Pulcri,
Ingenii cui fit vigor, et sublimia cordi.
Hoc ergo exoptat solum sibi, totus in hoc est :

Absens, absentis tabescit amore perenni;
Congressusque hominum vitans, ut verus amator, 335
Et nemora, et fontes petit, et secreta locorum;
Solut ubi secum possit meditari, atque
Nunc Sophia, ingentes nunc carmine fallere curas.

Quocirca Ille mihi felix vixisse videtur,
Qui postquam aspexit Mundi solenne theatrum 340
Æquo animo, hunc solem, et terras, mare, nubila, et
ignem;

Protinus unde abiit, satur ut conviva, remigrat.
Nempe hæc, seu centum vivendo conteris annos,
Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes;
Et nihil his melius, nihil his sublimius unquam: 345

Omne adeo in terris agitur quod tempus, habeto
Ut commune forum; peregre vel euntibus amplum
Hospitium, temere fluitans ubi vita moratur,
Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.

Qui prior abscedit, portum prior occupat; Eja! 350
Totos pande finus, ne fortè viatica defint.

Quid cessas? subeunt morbi que et acerba Tuorum
Funera, et infidiis circum undique septa senectus.

Quò feror? Haud etenim injussu decedere fas est
Illius, hac Vitæ qui nos statione locavit. 355
Spemque metumque inter, Ducis ut vexilla sequamur.
Quicquid erit, Deus ipse jubet ferre; ergò ferendum.

Sin mihi persuasum fixumque in Mente maneret
Nil superesse rogo, vellem migrare repente.
Hinc; et abire omnes ubi, seriùs, ociùs, acto 360
Dramate, in æterna sopiti nocte quiescent.
Immo Deus mihi si dederit renovare juventam,
Utve iterum in cunis possim vagire; recusem.

Non, si contingant vitam quæcunque beârint;
Ingenii vis, eloquium, prudentia, mores, 365
Invidiâ sine partus honos, longo ordine nati,
Clari omnes, patriâ pariter virtute, suâque;

Non

Non tantâ mercede isthac, dignarer eandem
 Ire viam toties, et eodem volvier orbe :
 Splendidiora quidem mens expetit ; illius altis 370
 Par votis nil est mutabile, nil perituum.

DE

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ERGO aliis Deus in rebus quascunque creavit

Argumenta animi dedit haud obscura benigni;

Omnibus, excipias modò nos, licet esse beatis.

Nos, opus in terris princeps, nos mentis imago

Divinæ, pœnis nos exercemur iniquis.

Haud ita ; — longè absint isti de numine questus.

Attamen humanam mecum circumspice vitam ;

Agnosces, quanta urgeat undique turba malorum,

Non hunc, aut illum, fert ut Fortuna ; sed omne

Pæne catervatim genus, ac discrimine nullo.

Millia quot Belli rabies, quot sæva Tyrannis

Corpora dat morti, duris onerative catenis ;

Inque dies, varias cruciandi excogitat artes !

Quid,

Quid, quos dira famēs, ad victum ubi cuncta supersunt,

Absumit miseros, aut quos vis effera morbi 15

Corripit, aut lento paulatim angore peredit

Infantes? neque enim dignabor dicere, vulgò

Quot Venus aut Vinum pessundedit ac sua culpa.

Quid profit Virtus? sanctorum ubi præmia morum?

Virtuti tribuo quantum licet; ut mala vitæ, 20

Quæ prohibere nequit, doceat lenire ferendo;

Spe recreet meliore; hominem sibi concilietque;

Irarum et tumidos et amorum temperet æstus:

Verùm adeò non tutela est, certusque fatelles

Contra omnes casus, sæpe ut (si dicere fas est) 25

Sæpe etiam et Virtus in aperta pericula mittat,

Expedit esse malis, dominum qui ferre superbum

Coguntur: probitatem omnes odere tyranni.

Quàm multi bene promeriti de civibus, horum

Quos conservârunt cæco periære furore! 30

Jam verò Ingenio si quis valet, omnis in Illum

Invida conjurat plebecula; dente parati

Rodere vipereo, famæque aspergere virus.

Fac porro ut meritis obstantem dissipet umbram ;
Muneraque emergens vix demùm publica tractet : 35
Sudandum ingrata est hominum pro gente, ferendum
Probrorum genus omne, adeunda pericula, vel quæ
Seditio attulerit vulgi, ambitiove potentùm.
Audiat hæc, sibi qui nomen, qui poscit honores ;
Demens; nec novit se quanta incommoda cingant. 40

Vivitur an meliùs privatim? Non minus isthic,
Cernis ut ira, libido, scelus dominantur ubique ;
Fraus et amicitiam simulans ; livorque malignus ;
Jurgiaque infidiæque, et iniquæ retia legis.

Attamen est, vitæ lenimen, amabilis uxor ; 45
Lætus agis secura domesticus otia ; dulces
Arrident circùm, properant et ad oscula nati ;
Mox obrepentis decus et tutela senectæ.

Hîc est aut nusquam quod quærimus ; esto, sed isthæc
Nullæne interea corrumpunt gaudia curæ? 50

Quid

Quid mala commemorem, si quando, ut sæpiùs, ambos
Discolor ingenium studia in contraria ducat ?
Adde quod in trutina mores expendere iusta
Haud facile, ante ineunt quam fœdus uterque jugale :
Nec si pœniteat, fas est abrumperé vinclum ; 55
Sors at dura manet ; conjecta est alea vitæ.

Præterea natos ecquis præstabit honesto
Ingenio imbutos, pulcrique bonique tenaces ?
Sin hac parte tuis respondent omnia votis ;
Heu ! minimè cum reris, in ipso flore juventæ, 60
Mors inopina domûs spem protinùs abripit omnem.

At non hæc Virtus mala parturit : immo fâtemur,
Munia si peragat sua quisque fideliter, esset
Nil potius Virtute ; redirent aurea jam tum
Sæcula ; verùm ævo non vivere contigit aureo. 65

His animadversis, quidam primordia Mundi
Bina, Deos fingunt binos ; quorum alter iniquo

Præditus

Præditus ingenio, scelus omne immittit in orbem ;
Alter opem præfens affert, medicina malorum.
Hinc varius vitæ color, hinc pravique bonique 70
Mista seges, roseisque latens malus anguis in hortis.
Siccine res ergo est confecta ? Sed illa potestas,
Quæsierim, par sit, quam Dis adscribis, an impar :
Si par illa quidem, ruerent aut cuncta repente
In Chaos antiquum, nihil aut potuisset oriri ; 75
Quippe Bonum res est semper contraria Pravo :
Sin impar, mora nulla foret quin cederet alter
Alterius vi debellatus, et omnia deinceps
Deleret victor priscae vestigia litis.
Aufer abhinc igitur stulta hæc commenta Magorum, 80
Et quæ cœnoscus fert monstra biformia Nilus.

Stoicus an melius ? Nempe Hic non esse Bonorum
In numero censet, nos quæ miramur ineptè :
Divitias, famam, quodcunque accesserit extra,
Pro nihilo sapiens habet ; aut hæc possidet unus ; 85
Possidet, ignotus licet ac pauperrimus ; Euge !

Quàm

Quàm pulcrum sapere est ! simili ratione dolorem
 Haud putat esse Malum, sibi consentaneus idem.
 Comburas igni ; tradas ferrove secandum ;
 In cruce suffigas ; nunquam extorquebis, ut isthæc 90
 Esse Mala agnoscat : Quidnam ergo ? Incommoda dicit.
 Quid tibi visa valetudo ? Quid gratia formæ,
 Stoice ? Quid validæ vires ? Sunt hæc Bona, necne ?
 Non optanda quidem sunt, at sumenda ; Sophistam
 Quis ferat hunc, verbis non re diversa docentem ? 95

Quid multa ? Externis sine rebus posse beatè
 Vivere te speres, si nil nisi spiritus esses :
 Interea quinam sis, Stoice, nosse memento ;
 Natus Homo es, qui mente itidemque ex corpore constat.

Sin verò, acciderint quæcunque extrinsecus, isthæc 100
 Dat Fortuna adimitque ; benigna, maligna vicissim
 Nunc mihi nunc alii ; neque sunt quæ nostra vocemus ;
 Quid sapiente illo fiet, qui non minus ac nos
 Memento dubiæ fluitat mutabilis horæ ?

Vim porro hanc Animi, pendent unde omnia quæ Tu 105
Exoptanda putas, quàm sæpe retundere morbus,
Sæpe solet delere, ut vix vestigia restent!
Ille etiam qui consiliis, Ille Alter et armis
Rem qui restituit, cum spes haud ulla, Britannam,
Testantur quantùm virtus, sapientia quantùm 110
Possit, et ingenii quàm sit flos ipse caducum.

Tum porro Ille récenis, quem postera vidimus ætas,
Scribendi omne tulit qui punctum, five facetas
Mimi ageret partes, seu rhetoris atque poetæ;
Eheu! Quantus erat! Nec longum tempus, et idem 115
Defuncta spirans jam mente, suique superstes:
Usque adeo externis nihil inviolabile telis.

Condonanda tamen sententia, Stoice, vestra est:
Nam si post obitum neque præmia sint neque pœnæ,
Heu! quò perventum est! Heu quid jam denique restat!
Scilicet humanas gerit aut res Numen iniquè, 121
Aut nil curat, iners; aut, si bene temperat orbem,

D

Nemo

Nemo bonus miser est, nemo improbus esse beatus
In vita possit, gens ut sibi Stoica fingit.

O cæcas hominum mentes! confinia veri 125
Qui simul attigerint, hærent; finemque sub ipsum,
Attonitis similes, opera imperfecta relinquunt.
Justitiamne Dei te, Stoice, posse fateri,
Cernere nec quid ritè velit! Quin strènuus audes
Pergere ad æternam, ducit quà semita, vitam? 130
“ Quicquid id est, celat nox, circumfusa tenebris.”
Non isthoc, tua te potius fiducia cæcat;
Hinc nox, hinc illæ tenebræ; quia nempe triumphas,
Nondum propositi victor; quia ponere Totum
Nescius, in spatii medio consistis; ut omnes 135
Sive magi Persæ, seu Græcula turba Sophorum.
En quantis unus portentis pullulat error!

Accipe rem quò nunc deducam. Quisque fatemur
Esse Deum; Jam si sapiens, justusque sit Author,
Hunc Mundi ornatum qui protulit atque gubernat, 140
Quodcunque

Quodcunque est fit ritè; canit prout Ille poeta;
Nec patitur jus fasve, bonis ut fit male semper,
Improbilas aut semper ovans incedat; at isthuc
Res redit, omnino si morte extinguimur omnes.
Quodcunque est fit ritè, velis si cernere Summam; 145
Contra, si nostri nihil ultra funera vivit.
Vir bonus et sapiens vitam connectet utramque.
At sunt, hærentes verborum in cortice nudo,
Singula qui, non rerum ingens Systema tuentur,
Atque hodierna omnem cogunt in tempora scenam. 150
Advolat huc furum turba omnis, et omnis adulter;
Hanc sibi perfugio petit et ficarius aram.

Scilicet ipse rato statuit Deus ordine leges,
Quas temerare potest nemo; probus improbus an sit
Quid refert? nihil hîc rescindere homuncio possit; 155
Nil mutare; suum servant res usque tenorem.

Dic mihi quas leges narras, quive iste sit ordo?
Altera namque homini est, animalibus altera brutis;
Altera lex rerum massæ rationis egenti.

Est sua materiæ Gravitas ; hinc, non propria vi 160
Attrahit, attrahitur ; varios hinc incita motus
Conficit, hinc stat compages et machina Mundi.

Quid dicam quibus est vitæ spirabile donum,
Alituum genus an pecudes ; An sæva ferarum
Semina ; fœcundo vel quæ fovet ubere pontus ? 165
Non horum quivis temerè et sine lege vagatur ;
Quin, five afflatu divinæ contigit auræ,
Seu rationis habent quantum desiderat usus,
His aliqua prodire tenus datur ; En sibi solers
Quisque parat victum ; sua tractat gnaviter arma ; 170
Atque edit fœtus, atque esca nutrit amica
Quos peperit, prodest teneris dum cura parentum.
Hic labor, hæc vitæ est omnis dulcedo ; nec ultra
Aut cupit aut metuit, satis hoc in munere felix.

Latior ast homini campus patet ; Ille, sagaci 175
Ingenio, Artificis dignoscit signa supremi,
Immensum per opus, tot miris fertile, mundum.

Talibus

Talibus indiciis, rerum dominumque patremque
Ille in vota vocat; Pulcrique imbutus amore
Exemplar sibi divinum proponit, ut inde 180
Possit et ipse suos imitando effingere mores.
Pulcrius utque nihil, nihil ut divinius est quàm
Prospiciens aliis Bonitas, diffusaque latè;
Ille aliena, sibi putat haud aliena; nec axem
Vertitur usque suum circa, sibi providus uni; 185
At patriam, at genus omne hominum, genus omne
animantùm,
Ingenti, se diffundens, complectitur orbe.

Hæc stabilivit item Natura perennia vitæ
Jura, hominem per sese inopem cum finxit; ut alter
Alterius deponat opem, et sua quisque vicissim 190
Consilia in medium promat, sermone ministro,
Confer cum reliquis etenim viventibus; Ecquid
Est hominis forma magis ad tutamen inerme?
Quanta sed huic virtus et inexpugnabile robur;

Si communis amor, Gravitas velut, alligat uno 195
Fœdere, consociatque inter se dissita membra?

Lex igitur, lex hæc animis insculpta, benigno
Hæc nutu sancita Dei est; hanc comprobat ipsa
Utilitas; huc quemque trahit nativa voluptas.

Quorsum abeunt tamen ista? Videsne effræna libido,
Vel mala consuetudo, vel ipsa inscitia, quantas 201
Dent latè strages, hominum pars quantula felix!
Contemplator enim, quæ sol oriturve, caditve;
Aut loca quæ Boreas, aut quæ tenet ultimus Auster;
Perpetuove jacet tellus ubi torrida ab igni; 205
Quanta ibi pauperies et inertia! quanta ferinis
Offusa est animis caligo, insanus et error!
Vix hominis, præter formam, vestigia cernas,

Quid nos, uberiora Deus quibus ipse Salutis
Lumina dat, ducitque manu, sanctissima custos, 210
Religio; ducit, non vi trahit imperiosa?

Ecce

Ecce renitentes jubar immortale diemque
Odimus oblatam, commentaque vana tenemus;
Vana Sophistarum glossæmata, luce relicta.
His pro quisquiliis heu! digladiamur, ut aris, 215
Implacabiliter: quot cædes inde, cruorque
Fraternus! Pietas quot parturit impia facta!

Usque adeo morum vitiosa licentia miscet
Fas omne atque nefas, grassata impunè per orbem.
Illa Gigantea est vis, quæ rescindere cælum 220
Conatur, montesque imponere montibus audet.
Aspicit hæc, Deus an nequicquam fulmina librat?
Pectora an Humani nihil immortalia tangit?
Aspicit; impropèrata licèt, sua quemque sequentur
Præmia pro meritis; neque pœna incerta morando est. 225

Haud equidem humanis dubito quin nunc quoq; rebus
Ipse interveniat Deus, et ne funditus omnis
Intereat sensus divini Vindicis, edat
Per gentes exempla modis insignia miris.

Parciùs ista tamen; non, ut temeraria fingit 230
Usque superstitio, torquet quæ Numinis iram
In quoscunque velit, suaque eripit arma Tonanti.

Nec sum animi ignarus quid mens sibi conscia possit;
Ut neque sit virtus jam nunc mercede sine ulla,
Nec nullas dum vita manet des, Improbe, pœnas; 235
Quanquam homines fallas haud te tamen effugis ipse:
Te Diræ ultrices agitant, te Cura remordet
Sæva comes, memorique habitat sub pectore vindex.

Quid tibi sæpe graves cum morbi, debita luxûs
Dona, pthîses lentæ, tormenta et acuta podagræ, 240
Atque tumens hydrops, spasmusque, urensq; marasmus
Incubuère, cohors funesta? hinc degitur ævi
Portio si qua manet crudeli exesa dolore;
Et quorum in vita posita est spes unica, tædet
Vivendi, mortemque simul cupiuntque timentque. 245

Sin horum æd feros aliquis pervenerit annos,

Non

Non habet unde isthoc compenfet; nam neque dulces
 Carpit amicitiae fructus, neque laude Bonorum
 Pascitur, atque sua, quoties anteaeta revolvit;
 At focii jam tum luxûs fugere prioris, 259
 Vilis adulator vacuas quoque deserit ædes;
 Atque illum, si quando oculos converterit intus,
 Terret imago suâ, sese et dum respicit horret.
 Ille etiam cum Mors adstat, telumque coruscat
 Jam jamque intentans ictum, quas non adit artes 255
 Anxius, ut miserum medica vi proroget ævum
 Paulisper, mille et per curas vita trahatur?
 Quod si vita referta malis, nostrique superstes
 Post mortem nihil est, cur ultima territat hora?
 Sic est, hæret adhuc quam spernere velle videtur, 260
 Nescio quæ fortis cura importuna futuræ.

At contra, quibus innocua et sine crimine Vita est,
 Quique alios norunt sibi devincire merendo,
 Aut qui præclaris ditârunt sæcla repertis,—
 Illis nectareo manans de fonte ferenat 265
 Conscia

Conscia laus animum, tranquillaque temperat ora.

Non metus abrumpit somnos, non invida cura ;

Non Venus aut Bacchus vires minuere, neque illos

Res aut adversæ frangunt instantæ secundæ :

Cui spes ulterior, casus munitur ad omnes.—— 270

Ergo senectutem labentes leniter anni

Cum sensim attulerint, mortem ista mente propinquam

Aspicit, ut longis qui tempestatibus actus

Portum in conspectu tenet, effugiumque malorum.

Scilicet hunc unum mortis vicinia terret, 275

Qui sibi præmetuit si quid post funera restet ;

Non hunc qui rectè vitam sanctæque peregit.

Hic, sese excutiens sibi plaudit, et aureus ut sol

Usque sub occasum diffuso lumine ridet :

Hic, matura dies cum mortis venerit, ævum 280

Suspicit immortale, Hic spe meliore triumphans

Cœlicolûm jam nunc prælibat gaudia votis.

Talis erat grata semper quem mente recordor

Ille, decus mitræ, Libertatisque fatelles,

Dum tanti tempus propugnatoris egebat 285

Houghius ;

Houghius ; Hic, numeros prope centenarius omnes
 Cum vitæ explêrat ; florenti plenus honore,
 Sensibus integris, sine morbo, experisque doloris,
 Vivendique fatur, sic vita exhibat, ut Actor
 E scena egregius toto plaudente Theatro ; 290
 Aut qui post stadium summa cum laude peractum
 Victor Olympiacæ poscit sibi præmia palmæ.

His patet indiciis animi vis conscia quantum
 Spe foveat, crucietve metu mortalia corda.
 Unde sed iste metus, quid spes velit illa rogarîm, 295
 Si nil sperandum est, obita nil morte timendum?
 En ut venturo conspirent omnia sæclo!

Quocirca in terris benè seu res seu malè cedat,
 Vir sapiens nec amat vitam neque tetricus odit :
 Intus enim quo se duro in discrimine rerum 300
 Consoletur, habet ; sin aura faventior afflet,
 Immemor haud vivit quàm lubrica, quàmque caduca
 Fortunæ

Fortunæ Bona sint ; Bona si quis censet habenda,
Perdere quæ metuit, quæve aspernatur adeptus.

Nec vereare quidem ne fortè ad munia vitæ 305
Segnior hinc animus detrectet ferre labores,
Atque pericla subire, vocet si publicus usus ;
Liberum et erectum potiùs, rebusque in agendis
Fortem hominem invictumq; facit, casusq; per omnes
Roborat externarum hæc despicientia rerum, 310

Hunc tamen incusas, ut quem, spes unica mercis
Non veræ virtutis amor, non sensus Honesti
Servat in officio ; nempe huic est sordida virtus
Qui rectè facit ut post mortem præmia carpat.
Ille bonus verè est, quem, spes si nulla Futuri, 315
Ad pulcrum atque Decens per se super omnia ducit
Morum dulce melos, & agendi semita simplex.
Esto ; nec Ille malus qui non hîc hæret, at illam
Quò Natura trahit metam scit rite tueri ;

Semper

Semper et innatis ultra mortalia votis 320

Fertur ovans, Pulcrumque petit fine fine supremum.

Ergo age dic sodes quæ præmia, quid sibi sperat
Mercedis? Namque haud sectatur vilia rerum.
Illum, non usura vorax, non turba sequentum,
Non mendax plausus, fucataque gloria; non quæ 325
Prava per incautum spargit mendacia vulgus
Ambitio tenet, aut titulorum splendor inanis:
At quò verus honos, quò fert natura, decusque
Humani generis jubet ire, viriliter ibit:
Virtutesque alias aliis virtutibus addens, 330
Donec in hac vitæ sese exercere palæstra
Cogitur, ingenium fata ad meliora parabit.

Cætera pars hominum ferimur jactante procella
Ut ratis, huc illuc; et per diversa viarum
Conatu ingenti fugientem prendimus umbram. 335
Ac veluti infantes pueri crepitacula poscunt
Ardenti studio, mox, parta relinquere gaudent;

Sic etiam in plenis homines pueraſcimus annis.

At bene perſuaſum cui ſit, non eſſe ſupremam

Hanc Animi vitam, reſtare ſed altera fata,

340

Salva Illi res eſt, neque ſpe lactatur inani.

Quippe ubi mens hominis purum ſimplexque requirat

Irrequieta Bonum, non ſperat forte potiri

Jam nunc felici : Quid enim? nunc, vivimus omnes

Pravum ubi commiſtum recto eſt; ubi triſtia lætis; 345

Ipoſa ubi delirans inhiat ſapientia nugæ;

Atque in odoratis florent aconita roſetis :

Omnia miſta quidem, fluxa omnia, ludicra demum

Omnia, nec votis eſt quod reſpondeat uſquam.

Forſan et ipſe Deus, divinum exquirere ſi fas

350

Conſilium, ſic res attemperat, uſque ſecundis

Adverſas miſcens, et amaris dulcia condit ;

Spernere ut hinc diſcat terreſtria mens, et amicis

Caſtigata malis, cœlo ſpem ponat in uno;

Quo domus et Patria eſt, requies ubi ſola laborum. 355

Quare age, jam tandem memorata recollige mecum:

Quippe viam emenſus dubiam, ſcopuloſque latentes

Erroris

Erroris nunc prætervectus et æquora cæca
Conspicio portum. Nempe hæc quæ cogitat et vult,
Mens haud terrenis conflata est ex elementis; 360
Ergo naturâ est quiddam immortale suapte.
Verùm hanc interea Deus hanc extinguere possit :
Esto, Deus possit si fert divina voluntas ;
At non extinguet : neque enim vis illa sciendi
Tot res humana tam longè forte remotas ; 365
Nec porro Æterni nunquam satiata cupido ;
Nec desiderium nostris in mentibus hærens
Perfecti, frustra est. Jam si fas jusque requirunt
Ut sceleri malè sit, benè virtutique, nec illa
Alterutri fors obtingat, dum vivitur istic ; 370
Restat ut hoc alio fiat discrimen in ævo.
Tum vero quæ nunc rudis, et sapiente bonoque,
Si genus humanum spectes, haud Numine digna est
Scena, revelabit dempta se nube, colorque
Verus erit rebus, verusque videbitur ordo. 375
Hoc nisi credideris, dic, qua ratione probetur
Omnino esse Deum summo qui consilio Res

Iustitiaque regit ; Num cætera scilicet aptè
Dirigit, hac quæ præcipua est in parte laborat?
Haud ita ; Tempus erit, noli quæ quærere more, 380
Hoc fatis est, hoc constat, erit post funera Tempus ;
Cum Deus, ut par est, æquos excernet iniquis,
Sontibus infantes, et idonea cuique rependet.

ON THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;

BY SOAME JENNYN S, Esq;

B O O K I.

TO all inferior animals 'tis given

T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven;

No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,

No fears of dark futurity molest.

Man, only Man sollicitous to know

5

The springs whence Nature's operations flow,

Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain,

And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;

For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,

Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.

10

Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find

These seeds of Science in the human mind,

If no congenial fruits are predefign'd?

}
}
}

E

For

50 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

For what avails to Man this pow'r to roam

Through ages past, and ages yet to come,

15

T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,

Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?

Since all must perish in one common grave,

Nor can these long laborious searches save.

Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,

20

To sport with Phyllis in the noontide shade?

Or at thy jovial festivals appear,

Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear

From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?

Come on then, let us feast : let Chloe sing,

25

And soft Neæra touch the trembling string ;

Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know

What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.

But these delights soon pall upon the taste ;

Let's try then if more serious cannot last :

30

Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,

Let pow'r and glory be our points in view ;

In

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 51

In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive :
Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings, 35
Alas, what vanity in human things !

What means then shall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind?
Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain) 40
Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
And seeks, unweary'd, Truth's eternal ray. }
No fleeting joys she asks, which must depend
On the frail senses, and with them must end; 45
But such as suit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change, eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain;
Almighty Wisdom never acts in vain;

52 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd 50
 Such pow'rs, e'er perish, like an earthly clod;
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
 Freed from her prison, and unbound her chain,
 She shall her native strength, and native skies regain: }
 To heav'n an old inhabitant return, 55
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
 T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
 The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings 60
 Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
 Retains some marks of her celestial race;
 Else whence from Mem'ry's store can she produce
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?
 Can matter these contain, dispose, apply? 65 }
 Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye? }
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye? }

Whence

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 53

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,
Adjusted properly by legal claims, 71
From woods, and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and government design'd?
What can this be, but some bright ray from heaven,
Some emanation from Omniscience given? 75

When now the rapid stream of Eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art, 80
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull force repeated; on the stage 85

54 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

The Poet gives us a creation new,
 More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;
 The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
 Perfection, such as here she never tastes,
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit, 90
 And thence foresees a system more compleat.
 Of those what think you, who the circling race
 Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
 And comets journeying through unbounded space? }
 Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul, 95
 That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,
 From thence descending visits but this earth,
 And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Could she thus act, unless some Power unknown,
 From matter quite distinct, and all her own, 100
 Supported, and impell'd her? She approves
 Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates, and loves,
 Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,
 Without the body's unrequested aid:

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 55

Her own internal strength her reason guides, 105
By this she now compares things, now divides;
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies: 110
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from th' Almighty's throne to earth descends:
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes, 115
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endued,
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they could? 120
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

56 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Rate not th' extenſion of the human mind
 By the plebeian ſtandard of mankind,
 But by the ſize of thoſe gigantic few, 125
 Whom Greece and Rome ſtill offer to our view;
 Or Britain well-deſerving equal praiſe,
 Parent of heroes too in better days.
 Why ſhould I try her num'rous ſons to name
 By verſe, law, eloquence conſign'd to fame? 130
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight
 Long loſt in darkneſs, and afraid of light.
 O'er all ſuperior, like the ſolar ray
 Firſt Bacon uſher'd in the dawning day,
 And drove the miſts of ſophiſtry away; 135
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,
 Following experience ſtill throughout his courſe,
 And finiſhing at length his deſtin'd way
 To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day,

Illuſtrious ſouls! if any tender cares 140
 Affect angelic breſts for man's affairs,

If

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 57

If in your present happy heav'nly state,
You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degen'rate land again be blest
With that true vigour, which she once possess'd; 145
Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes
And to our ancient dignity to rise.
Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be given
For most important purposes by heaven;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine 150
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there's a self which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe; 155
That something's ours, when we from life depart
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same;
No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb 160
For future prospects in a world to come.

Hence,

58 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant flow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy. 165
Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend,

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies, 170
Disowning every crime for which he dies;
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame,
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind, 175
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise, or censure cannot us concern, 180
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn. What

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, 59

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument, that speaks in vain,
With all those cares, which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways ! 185

Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd, }
And annual obsequies around it pay'd, }
As if to please the poor departed shade ; }

Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn ; 190

But all in one great principle agree
To give a fancy'd immortality.

Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil
Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile,
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires, 195

No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,
But, washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within ;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact, and sound ; 200

And

60 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features, which in life it wore :
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold remote from reason's beams, 205
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire !
Persuaded, the loose soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies. 210

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For steadfast virtue, and contempt of life :
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes ;
But, strange to tell ! their funeral piles ascend, 215
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end ;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
 See numerous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold, 220
 To battle all unanimously run,
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun:
 Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
 But from a notion on their minds imprest,
 That all, who for their country die, are blest. 225 }
 Add too to these the once prevailing dreams,
 Of sweet Elyfian groves, and Stygian freams:
 All fhew with what confent mankind agree
 In the firm hope of Immortality.
 Grant thefe th' inventions of the crafty prieft, 230
 Yet fuch inventions never cou'd fubfift,
 Unlefs fome glimm'rings of a future ftate
 Were with the mind coæval, and innate:
 For ev'ry fiction, which can long perfuade,
 In truth muft have its firft foundations laid. 235

Beaufe we are unable to conceive,
 How unembod'y'd fouls can act, and live,

The

62 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
 And habitations in peculiar places;
 Hence reasoners more refin'd, but not more wise, 240
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own. 245
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
 Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid;
 Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize;
 Nor let us Truth's cælestial charms despise,
 Because that priests, or poets may disguise. 250 }

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere?
 How have the fears and follies of mankind
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
 To each the frailties of the human mind? 255 }
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd. Th'

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 63

Th' Athenian sage revolving in his mind

This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, though late, 260
When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Through error's maze, and chase their clouds away.
Long since has Time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this divinity. 265

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By Nature, void of the celestial aid :
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize 270
Is plain ; such is this union Nature ties :
But then as often too they disagree,
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind ; 275

At

64 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
 The body sinks with sickness and with pains :
 Now did one common fate their beings end,
 Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
 But sure experience, on the slightest view, 280
 Shews us, that the reverse of this is true ;
 For when the body oft expiring lies,
 Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
 The mind new force, and eloquence acquires,
 And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires. 285

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
 How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
 Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide
 Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd ?
 And like some bird who from its prison flies, 290
 Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
 It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd ;

And

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 65

And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line; 295
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling, and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares; 300
But surely common sense aloud declares
That'site, and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be fraught?
Reason, sense, science, must derive their source 306
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;
Tops whip'd by school-boys fages must commence, }
Their hoops, like them, be cudgell'd into sense, }
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence. 310 }

66 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Whence can this very motion take its birth?
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
 Which governs all the bodily machine:
 Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

315

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
 Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
 But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
 So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity;
 Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
 Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
 For beings of this make can never die,
 Whose pow'rs within themselves, and their own ef-
 fence lie.

320

If to conceive how any thing can be
 From shape abstracted and locality
 Is hard; what think you of the Deity?

325 }
 }
 }

His

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 67

His Being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape, or size, similitude or place, 330
Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space:
Such then is God, a Spirit pure refin'd
From all material dross, and such the human mind.
For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of Immortality? 335
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and strife, 340
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away. }
Are these our great pursuits, is this to live? 345
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give!

68 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

How much more worthy envy is their fate,
 Who search for truth in a superior state?
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
 And following reason's much entangled clue, 350
 But with one great, and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,
 Corporeal organs if we take away!
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay. }
 Why not? or why may not the soul receive 355
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
 The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
 These in mankind new faculties create,
 And lift him far above his native state; 360
 Call down revolving planets from the sky,
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
 Th' whole minute creation make his own,
 With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 69

How could the mind, did she alone depend 365
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft, we see those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In distances of things, their shapes and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes. 370
Declares not this the soul's preheminance
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
Clog'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd, and mature, she shall her strength display, 375
And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the embryo state? 380
Or one from birth insensible of day
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?

70 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

That light's deny'd to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here 385
On earth, that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires,
Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires, 390
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds and flame, 395
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came,
Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away; 400

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 71

A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in bus'ness, now in trifles lost :
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain ;
Hold then ! no farther launch into the main :
Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow 405
By long continuance, but continu'd woe :
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before :
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares. 410

But whither hurry'd by a generous scorn
Of this vain world, ah, whither am I borne ?
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Could I a firm persuasion once attain 415
That after death no being would remain ;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end :

72 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

Nor life accept, although renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state. 420

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius, and science, morals, and good-sense,
Unenvy'd honours, wit and eloquence,
A numerous offspring to the world well known 425
Both for parental virtues, and their own ;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round, and round ;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time. 430

B O O K

B O O K II.

GOD then through all creation gives, we find,
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
 Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
 His own bright image, who alone unblest 5
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
 But hold presumptuous! charge not heav'n's decree
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,
 Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found; 10
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
 But at the species meditate the blow:
 What millions perish by each others hands
 In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains, 15
 Or lose them in variety of pains?

What

74 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

What numbers pinch'd by want, and hunger die,
In spite of Nature's liberality?
(Those, still more numerous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness, and intemperance justly slain;) 20
What numbers guiltless of their own disease
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees?

Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward!—
Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard,
That she enables man, let us confess, 25
To bear those evils, which she can't redress,
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust, and rage;
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure: 30
Where Vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate;
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,

Have

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 75

Have fall'n by wretches fond to be inflav'd, 35
And perish'd by the hands themselves had fav'd?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves, and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And Envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame; 40
Should he at length, so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends, 45
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.

Is private life from all these evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see, 50
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.

But

76 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children, whose dawning smiles your heart engage, 55
The grace, and comfort of soft-stealing age :
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here,
But are these joys exempt from care and fear ?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair ? 60
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn ?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue ? or if they should,
Death comes, when least you fear so black a day, 65
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow,
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin,
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin. 70

Observing

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 77

Observing this, some sages have decreed
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure, 75
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss, and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And poisonous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose. 80

Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey;
Is one superior? good, or ill must reign, 85
Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.
Which e'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious God enjoy the field:

78 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain !

Hence ouzy Nile, with all her monstrous train ! 90

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right ?

He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,

Wealth, fame, externals all, are uselefs things ;

Himself half starving happier far than kings.

'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise ! 95

By the same reas'ning too he pain denies ;

Roast him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,

Retract he will not, though he can't but feel :

Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan ;

What then ? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own : 100

What ? vigour, health, and beauty ? are these good ?

No : they may be accepted, not pursued :

Absurd to squabble thus about a name,

Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.

Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood, 105

You might be blest without external good ;

But

But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise, 110
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day, 115
And a flow fever wipes it quite away.

See ^a one whose councils, one ^b whose conqu'ring
hand

Once fav'd Britannia's almost sinking land :
Examples of the mind's extensive power,
Examples too how quickly fades that flower. 120
^c Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
In each politer kind of writing well ;

^a Lord Somers. ^b Duke of Marlborough. ^c Dean Swift.

80 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll, and hum'rous prose;
Few years alas! compel his throne to quit 125
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live. 130
For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremest line, 136
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:

'Twill

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 81

'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb, 140
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path you say is hid in endless night,
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your fight;
You stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph, when the conquest is not won; 145
By this the Sophists were of old misled:
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred!

Hear then my argument:—confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our fight, 150
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*.
But is it right, what here so oft appears,
That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
The inference then, that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state. 155
The wise extending their enquiries wide
See how both states are by connection ty'd;

82 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.

Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain, 160

That Justice never will resume her reign ;

On this vain hope adult'ers, thieves rely,

And to this altar vile assassins fly.

“ But rules not God by general laws divine ?

“ Man's vice, or virtues change not the design :” 165

What laws are these? instruct us if you can :—

There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man :

Another guides inactive matter's course,

Attracting, and attracted by its force ;

Hence mutual gravity subsists between 170

Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life why need I call to mind,

Obey'd by birds, and beasts of every kind ;

By all the fandy desert's ravage brood,

And all the num'rous offspring of the flood ; 175

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 83

Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move :
Led by that instinct, heaven itself inspires,
Or so much reason, as their state requires :
See all with skill acquire their daily food, 180
All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd ;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need ;
In these lov'd offices compleatly blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest. 185

Man o'er a wider field extends his views ;
God through the wonders of his works pursues,
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates the Eternal Cause ;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh 190
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence : the patriot's soul
Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole :

84. ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Its mighty orb embraces first his friends, 195
 His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
 But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd,
 By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd;
 His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech 200
 T' implore that aid this lesson daily teach:
 Mankind with other animals compare,
 Single how weak, and impotent they are!
 But view them in their complicated state,
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how
 great, 205

When social virtue individuals joins,
 And in one solid mass, like gravity combines!
 This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
 Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heaven;
 All from utility this law approve, 210
 As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.

Why

Why deviate then so many from this law?

See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw!

Survey the rolling globe from East to West,

How few, alas! how very few are blest? 215

Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,

What poverty, and indolence combine,

To cloud with Error's mists the human mind?

No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error, and distress, 220

Whom Heaven with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?

Whom true Religion leads? (for she but leads

By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)

Behold how we avoid this radiant sun!

This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun, 225

And after Sophistry's vain systems run!

For these as for essentials we engage

In wars, and massacres; with holy rage;

Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,

Mistaken Zeal, how savage is thy reign! 230

86 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
 All right, and wrong, all order they confound ;
 These are the giants, who the gods defy,
 And mountains heap on mountains to the sky ;
 Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares, 235
 And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares ?
 He sees ; and will at last rewards bestow,
 And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd appears,
 That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes ; 240
 Sometimes, lest man should quite his power disown,
 He makes that power to trembling nations known :
 But rarely this ; not for each vulgar end,
 As Superstition's idle tales pretend,
 Who thinks all foes to God, who are her own, 245
 Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not, how much a conscious mind
 Avails to punish, or reward mankind ;

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. 87

Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The Fury's scourges, and the infernal wheel; 250
From man's tribunal, though thou hop'ft to run,
Thyself thou can'ft not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer, when each dire disease,
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize?
Consumption, fever, and the wreaking pain 255
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live; 260
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threatening Death uplifts his pointed dart, 265
With what impatience he applies to art,

88 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

Life to prolong amidst disease and pains !

Why this, if after it no sense remains ?

Why should he chuse these miseries to endure,

If Death could grant an everlasting cure ? 270

'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,

(Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear,

See the reverse ! how happy those we find,

Who know by merit to engage mankind ?

Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd, 275

For Virtues practis'd, and for Arts improv'd :

Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,

And all is peace, and happiness within :

Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears, or strife,

Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life. 280

Him Fortune can not sink, nor much elate,

Whose views extend beyond this mortal state ;

By age when summon'd to resign his breath,

Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,

As

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, 89

As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore, 285
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;
Whilst he, who Virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely-setting sun ; 290
His thoughts triumphant Heaven alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest the illustrious^d Hough we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind ;
The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend, 300
In times which ask'd a champion to defend ;
Who after near a hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage ; 305
Or like some victor in the Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory claims.

^d Bishop of Worcester.

90 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How Conscience can inspire both hopes and fears ;
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead? 311
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise. 315
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within,
And, if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life, 320
Should too much shun its labours, and its strife ;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid : 325

Who

Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he, who power contemns, be least a slave :
Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country, and his friends.

But still his merit you can not regard, 330
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence, 335
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so : yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws ;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence given, 340
And soars triumphant on her wings to heaven.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,
No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;

Not

92 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

Not wealth ufurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain! 345
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God,

But we th' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost, 350
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of Immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd: 355
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of Fate.
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows, 360
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;

All

All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
 Pretend to fathom infinite design) 365
 Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
 No happiness compleat on earth may find;
 And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
 To heaven her safest, best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past 370
 Through Error's rocks, and see the port at last,
 Let us review, and recollect the whole.—
 Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
 Cannot terrestrial, or material be,
 But claims by Nature Immortality: 375
 God, who created it, can make it end,
 We question not; but cannot apprehend
 He will; because it is by him endued
 With strong ideas of all-perfect Good:

With

94 ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

With wond'rous pow'rs to know, and calculate 380
Things too remote from this our earthly state ;
With sure presages of a life to come,
All false and uselefs ; if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease : we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive. 385

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands,
Should due rewards, and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live,
It follows, that a time must surely come, 390
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom :
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear. 395

Doubt we of this, what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns ?

Whilst

Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,

Is it deficient in the main design?

Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now - 400

Presumptuous to enquire, or when, or how)

But after death shall come th' important day,

When God to all his justice shall display;

Each action with impartial eyes regard,

And in a just proportion punish and reward. 405

O N
DESIGN AND BEAUTY:
A N E P I S T L E.

HIGHMORE, you grant, that in the painter's art,
Though perspective and colours claim a part,
Yet, the more noble skill and more divine,
Are proper Characters and just DESIGN;
DESIGN, that particle of heavenly flame, 5
Soul of all Beauty, through all Arts the same.

This to the stately dome its grandeur gives,
Strikes in the picture, in the statue lives;
Persuades in Tully's, or in Talbot's tongue;
And tunes the lyre, and builds the lofty song. 10

The love of Order, sure from Nature springs,
Our taste adapted to the frame of things:
Nature the pow'rs of harmony displays,
And Truth and Order animate the mass.

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 97

Who that this ample theatre beholds, 15
Where fair Proportion all her charms unfolds;
This sun, and these the stars that roll above,
Measuring alternate seasons as they move;
Who, but admires a fabric so compleat;
And from admiring, aims to imitate? 20

Hence various Arts proceed; for human wit
But imitates the plan by Nature set;
Truth of DESIGN, which Nature's works impart,
Alike extends to every work of Art,
To compass this, both skill and genius meet, 25
Genius to bring materials, skill to fit;
Where both conspire, is BEAUTY; which depends
On the fair aptitude of *means to ends*:
Parts corresponding, if devoid of *this*,
Are affectation all and *emptiness*. 30
If Cloacina's cell with cumbrous state
Appear superb, and as a palace great,

98 ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

We laugh at the superfluous pomp, unfit,
 As Cibber's odes to Handel's music set.
 Reverse of this, the true Sublime attains 35
 The noblest purpose by the simplest means;
 More perfect, as more wide its branches shoot,
 While all are nourish'd by one common root.
 And such, if man Immensity could pierce,
 Such are the beauties of the Universe; 40
 The various movements of this great machine
 All are directed by one Pow'r within;
 One Genius, as in human frame the Soul,
 Rules, and pervades, and animates the Whole.

Alike on Art Simplicity bestows 45
 An awful stillness and sublime repose;
 Great without pomp, and finish'd without toil;
 Such as the plans of Angelo or Boyle.

Yet here, unless due boundaries be plac'd,
 Oft will the Simple spread into the Vast; 50
 Vast

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 99

Vast, where the symmetry of parts a-kin
Lies too remote, and is but dimly seen.
In Nature's wondrous frame if ought appear
Vast, or mishapen, or irregular,
'Tis, that the mighty structure was design'd 55
A Whole proportion'd to the all-seeing Mind.
But Art is bounded by perception still,
And aims not to oppress the mind, but fill.
All beyond this are like his project vain,
Who meant to form mount Athos into man. 60

Nor less their fault, who shunning this extreme
Grow circumstantial, and but croud the scheme.
BEAUTY, when best discern'd, is most compleat,
But all is Gothic which is intricate:
Conformity of parts, if too minute, 65
Is lost, before the senses trace it out;
And contrasts which in modern style abound,
Sever ideas, till they quite confound;

100 ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

Fops are distinguish'd by this little taste,
But if a genius err, his error is the Vast. 70

On trifles ne'er let Art her strength exhaust,
There is a littleness in lavish cost:
Who read thee, Swift, so frugal is thy skill,
Think they supply, when they but comment still.
True elegance appears with mild restraint, 75
Decent, discreet, and proper, yet not quaint.
Some works are made too accurate to please;
But graceful those, that seem perform'd with ease:
It profits oft to play the careless part,
As tumblers trip but to conceal their Art; 80
Nature alone can move: the pow'rs of wit
Her shape assuming, charm but while they cheat.
Be thou not formal, yet with method free;
Sole fountain this, of perspicuity:
'Tis lucid Order will the parts unite, 85
Like parts to like, opposing opposite.

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 101

In sound, 'tis Harmony that charms the ear,
Yet discords intermingled here and there,
Still make the sweet similitude appear. }

Each by its opposite a lustre gains, 90

As hills the vales assist, and woods the plains;

Grateful variety! so fair DESIGN

Loves to distinguish where it cannot join;

Yet then, to Truth and Nature ever just,

Nor joins, nor separates, but when it must. 95

Fondly some authors deck the dainty piece

With false resemblance, false antithesis;

Fantastic apes of BEAUTY, who beget

Romance in science, quaint conceits in wit;

Such phantoms, when we think the substance near,

Mock our embrace, and vanish into air. 101

Of all, which late posterity will own,

Truth is the basis, lasting Truth alone.

For what can symmetry of parts avail,

T'uphold a building, of materials frail? 105

102. ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

To reach perfection then, whoe'er aspires,
Extent of knowledge adds to native fires.

He, not content the shallow shore to keep,
Dauntless expatiates in the boundless deep,
Ranging through earth, and air, and sea, and sky, 119
Where'er the scatter'd seeds of BEAUTY lye;
Surveys all Nature, and together brings
The wide-dispers'd dependency of things.
Hence those enlarg'd ideas which impart
The common sympathies of Art with Art; 115
Hence Order built on Order seems to rise
A comely series, till it touch the skies.

At length when searching thought, and ceaseless toil,
Have gather'd and secur'd the noble spoil;
Well may the learned Artist then DESIGN, 120
His fancy teeming, fraught his magazine;
Thence draw materials, next, in order range,
Compare, distinguish, raise, diminish, change,
Aggroupe

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 103

Aggroupe the figures here, and there oppose,
To these a lustre give, a shade to those: 125
Till each with each consenting form a Whole,
Firm as a phalanx, as a concert, full.

Such charms the pow'rs of symmetry dispense,
Bright Emanation of Intelligence!
From Mind alone delightful Order springs, 130
She tempers and adjusts the mass of things;
From darkness calls forth light, design from chance,
And bids each atom into form advance.
But if the workmanship of Mind appear
So lovely to behold, Herself how fair! 135
Thus though in Nature endless beauties shine,
Loveliest she seems, in human face divine;
Her other works a calm delight impart,
Those charm the genius, this allures the heart:
Can outward form the tender passion move, 140
A lifeless statue, wake the soul to love?

104 ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

'Tis not exterior Harmony we call
 BEAUTY, or sure such BEAUTY means not all;
 But something more exalted, more refin'd;
 BEAUTY that warms, is Harmony of Mind; 143
 Height'ning each air, improving ev'ry grace,
 The Mind looks out and lightens in the face:
 And when the Mind informs a lovely mein,
 Herself more lovely, then, is BEAUTY seen
 Attractive, and shines forth apparent Queen. 150 }

How sweet the task! these lineaments to trace,
 And each in lively portraiture express!
 Such, HIGHMORE, thine; thy comprehensive draught
 To the fair outside joins the charms of thought.

Search then Perfection, BEAUTY search, around 155
 Through all her forms, fairest in Virtue found.
 Else could the memory of each ancient sage,
 Themselves unknown, delight a distant age?

Ancients,

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 103

Ancients, who life enrich'd with Arts, and Laws;
Or fell, or conquer'd, in their country's cause: 160
What shrines, what altars to their ashes rear'd,
As heroes honour'd, and as Gods rever'd;
And Godlike They, whose virtues unconfin'd
Bless latest times, and dignify mankind;
Not with low duties fill a private space, 165
But are the guardian pow'rs of human race.

Virtue, the more diffus'd, the fairer shows;
Fairest, That only which no limits knows,
Hail sov'reign Good! unmixt, unfading Good!
BEAUTY, whose essence fills infinitude! 170
Whate'er of fair and excellent is found
Through earth, through heav'n, above, beneath, around,
All that in Art, and Nature can invite,
Are but faint beamings of thy perfect light.

Bear me some God to groves of Academe! 175
There, let eternal Wisdom be my theme.

106 ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

Or Thou, whom erst by contemplation led
 Plato discover'd in the silent shade,
 Urania! thee, the Sire delighted view'd,
 Holy, divine, pure, amiable and good. 180
 They too, thy sweet attractive influence feel,
 They chiefly, who in liberal Arts excel;
 Scorning delights that lull the vulgar throng,
 The cups of Circe and the Siren's song;
 Nor less th' allurements of wealth, honours, pow'r, 185
 The gaze of fools, the pageant of an hour;
 They, from irradiance of thy genial beam
 Prolific, with immortal offspring teem.

Such Poets once, while Deity posselt
 With sacred fires the muse-enamour'd breast; 190
 Divine enthusiasts! born in happier times,
 E'er Gothic laws prevail'd, and servile rhimes;
 Now, quaint expression, or an easy line,
 Is all the claim to Phœbus and the Nine,

ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY. 107

Not so the Attic hive, and bards of Rome; 195

Ranging industrious they, from Nature's bloom

Gather'd variety of sweets, and thence

Distill'd a pure ætherial quintessence,

Hence the fair fictions of the Muse excel

What sages dictate, or historians tell; 200

With living lessons, rules unmixt and pure

Her aim to teach, and teaching, to allure.

All Arts their tribute bring, her numbers move

Harmonious, as angelic choirs above;

Immortal colours in her pictures glow; 205

Her speech the rhetoric of the Gods below.

True Poets are themselves a Poem, each

A pattern of the lovely rules they teach;

Those fair ideas that their fancy charm,

Inspire their lives, and every action warm; 210

And when they chaunt the praise of high desert,

They but transcribe the dictates of their heart.

108 ON DESIGN AND BEAUTY.

Thus is Apollo's laureat priest endow'd,
Himself a temple worthy of the God.
Such, Homer, Solon, Phineus are enroll'd; 215
Sages, and lawgivers, and prophets old :
All Poets, all inspir'd ; an awful train,
Seated on Pindus' head, apart from the profane,

A LETTER

A L E T T E R
F R O M
A CAPTAIN IN COUNTRY QUARTERS
T O
H I S . C O R I N N A I N T O W N .

MY earliest flame, to whom I owe
All that a Captain needs to know;
Dress, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
Lewd songs, loud laughter, and all that;
Arts that have widows oft subdued,
And never fail'd to win a prude;
Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
At quarters, from Corinna torn.
When thou, my fair one, art away,
How shall I kill that foe, the day?
The landed 'squire, and dull freeholder,
Are sure no comrades for a soldier;
To drink with parsons all day long,
Misaubin tells me wou'd be wrong:

And

110 A LETTER TO CORINNA.

And nunn'ry tales, and Curl's Dutch whore
I've read, 'till I can read no more.

At noon I rise, and strait alarm

The sempstress' shop, or country farm ;

Repuls'd, my next pursuit is a'ter

The parson's wife, or landlord's daughter :

Oft at the ball for game I search,

At market oft, sometimes at church,

And plight my faith and gold to boot ;

Yet demme if a foul will do't——

In short our credit's sunk so low,

Since troops were kept o'foot for shew,

All that for soldiers once run mad,

Are now turn'd *Patriots*, egad !

And when I boast my feats, the shrew

Asks who was slain the last review.

Know then, that I and captain Trueman

Resolve to keep a miss—in common :

Not her, among the batter'd lasses,

Such as our friend Toupét caresses,

But

A LETTER TO CORINNA. 111

But her, a nymph of polish'd sense,
Which pedants call impertinence;
Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and swear,
And raily with the prettiest air——
Come dimpled smiles, and stealing sighs,
The lip, the luscious extasies,
The sideling glance, the feeble trip,
The head inclined, the pouting lip
Come, deckt in *colours*, which may vie
With Iris, when she paints the sky.
Amidst our frolicks and carouses
How shall we pity wretched spouses!
But where can this dear soul be found,
In garret high, or under ground?
If so divine a fair there be,
Charming Corinna, thou art she.
But oh! what motives can persuade
Belles, to prefer a rural shade,
In this gay month, when pleasures bloom,
The park, the play—the drawing room—

Lo!

112 A LETTER TO CORINNA.

Lo! birthnights upon birthnights tread;
 Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd;
 My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
 Calls in his way to Farinelli;
 What if my fatten gown and watch
 Some unfledg'd booby 'squire may catch,
 Who, charm'd with his delicious quarry,
 May first debauch me, and then marry?
 Never was season more befitting
 Since convocations last were fitting.
 And shall I leave dear Charing-cross,
 And let two boys my charms ingross?
 Leave temple, play-house, rose and rummer,
 A country friend might serve in summer!

The town's your choice——yet, charming fair,
 Observe what ills attend you there.
 Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
 Are kept by quality on —— duty;
 Cits, half a crown for alms disburse,
 From templars look for something worse: My

A LETTER TO CORINNA. 113

My lord may take you to his bed,
But then he sends you back unpaid;
And all you gain from generous cully,
Must go to keep some Irish bully.
Pinchbeck demands the tweezer case,
And Monmouth-street the gown and stays;
More mischiefs yet come crowding on,
Bridewell,—West-Indies—and Sir John—
Then oh! to lewdness bid adieu,
And chastly live, confin'd to two.

I

AN

A N E P I T A P H.

IN IMITATION OF DRYDEN.

UNDER this marble stone intomb'd are laid
The precious relicts of a pious Maid,
A Form too lovely to be snatch'd away,
A Mind too good to make a longer stay;
So many Virtues to that Form were giv'n,
Nature mistook, and made her first for heav'n;
Or else 'twas Chance, and from the mould'ring frame
Leapt out a Goddess, what was meant a Dame;
Th' impression of a lucky hit she bore,
Nature ne'er made a Masterpiece before;
And then, Oh! ever jealous of our joy,
Blest us to curse, and made her to destroy.
Had she not liv'd, the world had never known,
What various talents might *unite* in one;
And, Oh! sad trial, had she never died,
Her sex had wanted Virtues to *divide*.

A PIPE

A
PIPE OF TOBACCO:

IN IMITATION OF
SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

IMITATION I.

*Laudes egregii Cæsaris—
Culpâ deterere ingeni.*

HOR.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVE.

OLD battle-array, big with horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head,
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

A I R.

When summer suns grow red with heat,

TOBACCO tempers Phæbus' ire,

When wintry storms around us beat,

TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.

Yellow autumn, youthful spring,

In thy praises jointly sing.

116 A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

A I R.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a PIPE bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd;
E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

A I R.

Smiling years that gayly run,
Round the Zodiack with the sun,

1

Tell,

A PIPE OF TOBACCO. 117

Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
BRITAIN'S sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

C H O R U S.

Smiling years that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene,

I M I T A T I O N II.

Tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras.

VIRG.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;

118 A PIPE OF TOBACCO,

And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest blifs of bliffes,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant INDIAN weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

I M I T A T I O N III.

— *Prorumpit ad æthera nubem*
Turbine fumantem piceo. VIRG.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
 TOBACCO, fountain pure of ^a *limpid truth*,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
^b *And at each puff imagination burns.*
 Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
 Touch the mysterious lip, that chaunts thy praise
 In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
 Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
 Of ductile clay, with ^c *plastic virtue* form'd,
 And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From ^d *Pætotheke* with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
^e *Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd*
Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illume,

^a Poem on Liberty, ver. 12. ^b Ibid. ver. 16. ^c Ibid. ver. 104.

^d A Poetical Word for a Tobacco-Box. ^e Poem on Liberty,
 ver. 243. 245.

120 A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
^f *Mark'd with Gibsonian lore*; forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires: I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, ^g *inhale* the breezy balm.
 But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join*
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
^h *Stream life and joy into the Muses bowl*,
 Oh be thou still *my great inspirer*, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.

I M I T A T I O N IV.

— *Bullatis mihi nugis,*

Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo, PERS.

C R I T I C K S avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam,
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere,

^f Poem on Liberty, ver. 247.

^g Ibid. ver. 309. ^h Ibid. ver. 171.

POLLIO,

POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.

Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;

Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:

Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid:

Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade.

Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;

They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;

But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,

Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!

Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he

Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?

The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)

Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.

CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink;

She will not smoke (ye gods!) but she will drink:

And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)

Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:

Yet crouds remain, who still its worth proclaim,

While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:

Fame,

Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—ev'ry thing.

I M I T A T I O N V.

— *Solis ad ortus*

Vanescit fumus.

LUCAN.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatick gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA's shrine
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critick owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What tho' to love and softs delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,

Yet

Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own,
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION VI.

Ex fumo dare lucem.

HOR.

BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's best,
 And bid the vicar be my guest:

Let all be plac'd in manner due,
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free Briton,
 Of use to light a pipe or * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

This village, unmolested yet
 By troopers, shall be my retreat:
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
 Who cannot write or vote for *.
 Far from the vermin of the town,
 Here let me rather live, my own,

124 A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
 Of all which at Vienna passes,
 As ignorant as * * Brags is:
 And scorning rascals to cares,
 Extol the days of good Queen BESS,
 When first TOBACCO blest our isle,
 Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along
 Midnight revelry and song;
 The merry catch, the madrigal,
 That echoes sweet in City Hall;
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale
 Of country justice o'er his ale.
 I ask not what the French are doing,
 Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin:
 Britons, if undone, can go,
 Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

THE

THE FIRE SIDE:

A PASTORAL SOLILOQUY.

Hic Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.

H O R.

THREE happy, who free from ambition and pride,
In a rural retreat, has a quiet *fire side*;

I love my *fire side*, there I long to repair;

And to drink a delightful oblivion of care.

Oh! when shall I 'scape to be truly my own,

From the noise, and the smoke, and the bustle of town.

Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire

From the pomp and parade that the Many admire.

Hail ye woods and ye lawns, shady vales, sunny hills'

And the warble of birds, and the murmur of rills,

Ye flow'rs of all hues that embroider the ground,

Flocks feeding, or frisking in gambols around;

Scene of joy to behold! joy, that who would forego,

For the wealth and the pow'r that a court can bestow?

I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,

That the town is Man's world, but that this is of God;

Here

Here my trees cannot flatter, plants nurs'd by my care
Pay with fruit or with fragrance, and incense the air ;
Here contemplative solitude raises the mind,
(Least alone, when alone,) to ideas refin'd.
Methinks hid in groves, that no sound can invade,
Save when Philomel strikes up her sweet serenade,
I revolve on the changes and chances of things,
And pity the wretch that depends upon kings.

Now I pass with old authors an indolent hour,
And reclining at ease turn Demosthenes o'er.
Now facetious and vacant, I urge the gay flask
With a set of old friends—who have nothing to ask ;
Thus happy, I reckon not of FRANCE nor of SPAIN,
Nor the *balance of power* what hand shall sustain.
The *balance of pow'r* ? Ah ! till that is restor'd,
What solid delight can retirement afford ?
Some must be content to be drudges of state,
That the Sage may securely enjoy his retreat.

In weather serene, when the ocean is calm,
It matters not much who presides at the helm;
But soon as clouds gather and tempests arise,
Then a pilot there needs, a man *dauntless and wise*.
If such can be found, sure HE ought to come forth
And lend to the publick HIS talents and worth.
Whate'er inclination or ease may suggest,
If the state wants his aid, he has no claim to rest;
But who is the Man, a bad game to redeem?
HE whom TURIN admires, who has PRUSSIA'S esteem,
Whom the SPANIARD has felt; and whose iron with dread
Haughty LEWIS saw forging to fall on his head.
HOLLAND loves him, nor less in the NORTH all the pow'rs
Court, honour, revere, and the EMPRESS adores.
Hark! what was that sound? for it seem'd more sublime
Than befits the low genius of pastoral rhyme:
Was it WISDOM I heard? or can fumes of the brain
Cheat my ears with a dream? Ha! repeat me that strain:
Yes, WISDOM, I hear thee; thou deign'st to declare
ME, ME, the sole ATLAS to prop this whole sphere:

Thy

Thy voice says, or seems in sweet accents to say,
Haste to save sinking BRITAIN ;—resign'd I obey;
And O! witness ye Powers, that ambition and pride
Have no share in this change—*For I love my Fire Side.*
Thus the *Shepherd*; then throwing his crook away steals
Direct to St. J——s's and takes up the S——s.

HORACE,

HORACE, ODE XIV. BOOK I.

IMITATED IN MDCCLVI.

O Ship! shall new waves again bear thee to sea?
Where, alas! art thou driving? keep steady to

Thy fides are left without an oar, [shore ;
And thy shaken mast groans, to rude tempests a prey.

Thy tackle all torn, can no longer endure
The assaults of the furge that now triumphs and reigns,

None of thy sails entire remains,
Nor a God to protect in another sad hour.

Tho' thy outside bespeaks thee of noble descent,
The forest's chief pride, yet thy race and thy fame,

What are they but an empty name?

Wise mariners trust not to gilding and paint.

Beware then lest Thou float, uncertain again,
The sport of wild winds, late my sorrowful care,

And now my fondest wish, beware
Of the changeable shoals where the Rhine meets the Main.

K

O D E.

O D E

O Apellæi calami perite,
Cui dedit pulchræ Venus esse formæ
Arbitrum, Phœbus dedit ipse lucis

Noscere vires,

Tu novum solers decus hinc decoræ
Virgini donas, faciemque rugis
Eripis, solers volucris senectæ

Sistere pennas;

Me juvat pulchrum quoties laborem
Cernere, ut sensim vacua umbra corpus
Exhibet, nascens simul ipsa sensim

Vita calefcit.

Nempé, Prometheus velut, Highmor', ignem
Cœlitus furto maliore raptas,
Et tuis desit nisi vox figuris,

Cætera spirant.

Tuque

Tuque cognatæ cape dona Musæ,
Spiritus nostras regit unus artes;
Sunt tibi, sunt & mihi purioris

Semina flammæ.

O N P H O E B E.

THOUGH Phœbe's lovely charms excel
All that is charming in a Belle;

Yet she, regardless of her face,
Scarce owns her image in the glass,
She knows, that she alone can find
Her likeness in a lovely mind,
Sees more exalted Beauty there,
Beauty, that lasts for ever fair;
Discretion, innocence, and truth,
Still flourish in unfading youth,
Bloom through the winter of our days,
And thrive, when outward form decays.
Phœbe thus arm'd, the pow'r she gains
Secures, and, where she conquers, reigns.
Beaux may be caught with outward show,
And Belles will flutter at a Beau,
The wise are only charm'd to find
Good nature, wit, and judgment join'd
With each perfection of a beauteous mind.

}
O N

O N T H E S A M E.

O Early plant of tender years,
 Beauty that blooms at once, and bears !
 Discretion mixt with sprightly wit,
 And innocence with taste polite,
 A chearful, yet discerning mind,
 And dignity with softness join'd ;
 While these assembled charms are seen
 All in the compass of fifteen,
 Maturer age abash'd declares,
 Wisdom is not the growth of years :
 No, 'tis a ray that darts from heav'n,
 Perfection is not taught, but giv'n,
 Let others by degrees advance,
 'Till folly ripen into sense ;
 Phœbe consummate from her birth
 In artless charms, and native worth
 Has all the virtues years enjoy,
 With all the graces they destroy.

TO SOME LADIES, WHO SAID THE
AUTHOR LOVED CHICKEN.

PRUDE S, forbear your scandal-picking,
Own that Phœbe is no Chicken;

If maturity be measur'd

By the virtues, that are treasur'd,

She at fifteen can reckon more

Than *you* can boast of at threescore;

And while *your* passion, taste, and skill,

Is dress, and scandal, and quadrille,

'Tis *Her's*, with books and arts refin'd,

To dress and cultivate the mind,

In easy converse to delight

A foe to calumny and spight;

In cards and follies you grow old,

Life passing like a tale that's told,

She, like the sun's auspicious ray,

Shines more and more to perfect day,

Her very pastimes shew good sense;

Her Beauty her least excellence.

O N

ON THE
AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOW fix and thirty rapid years are fled,
Since I began, nor yet begin, to live;
Painful reflection! to look back I dread,
What hope, alas! can looking forward give!

Day urges day, and year succeeds to year,
While hoary age steals unperceiv'd along;
Summer is come, and yet no fruits appear,
My joys a dream, my works an idle song.

Ah me! I fondly thought, Apollo shone
With beams propitious on my natal hour;
Fair was my morn, but now at highest noon
Shades gather round, and clouds begin to lour.

136 ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

Yes, on thy natal hour, the God replies,
I shone propitious, and the Muses smil'd;
Blame not the pow'rs, they gave thee wings to rise,
But earth thou lov'st, by low delights beguil'd.

Possessing wealth, beyond a *Poet's* lot,
Thou the dull track of lucre hast prefer'd,
For contemplation form'd and lofty thought,
Thou meanly minglest with the vulgar herd.

True Bards select and sacred to the Nine
Listen not thus to pleasure's warbling lays;
Nor on the downy couch of ease recline,
Severe their lives, abstemious are their days.

Oh! born for nobler ends, dare to be wise,
'Tis not e'en now too late, assert thy claim;
Rugged the path, that leads up to the skies,
But the fair guerdon is immortal fame.

O N

A F I T O F T H E G O U T .

A N O D E .

WHerefore was Man thus form'd with eye sublime,
 With active joints to traverse hill or plain,

But to contemplate Nature in her prime,

Lord of this ample world, his fair domain?

Why on this various earth such beauty pour'd,

But for thy pleasure, Man, her sovereign lord?

Why does the mantling vine her juice afford

Nectareous, but to cheer with cordial taste?

Why are the earth and air and ocean stor'd

With beast, fish, fowl; if not for Man's repast?

Yet what avails to me, or taste, or sight,

Exil'd from every object of delight?

So

138 ON A FIT OF THE GOUT.

So much I feel of anguish, day and night
Tortur'd, benumb'd; in vain the fields to range
Me vernal breezes, and mild suns invite,
In vain the banquet smokes with kindly change
Of delicacies, while on every plate
Pain lurks in ambush, and alluring fate.

Fool, not to know the friendly powers create
These maladies in pity to mankind;
These abdicated Reason reinstate
When lawless Appetite usurps the mind;
Heaven's faithful centries at the door of bliss
Plac'd to deter, or to chastise excess,

Weak is the aid of wisdom to repress
Passion perverse; philosophy how vain!
'Gainst Circe's cup, enchanting forcerefs;
Or when the Syren sings her warbling strain,
Whate'er or sages teach, or bards reveal,
Men still are men, and learn but when they feel,

ON A FIT OF THE GOUT. 139

As in some free and well-pois'd common-weal
Sedition warns the rulers how to steer,
As storms and thunders ratling with loud peal,
From noxious dregs the dull horizon clear ;
So when the mind imbrutes in sloth supine,
Sharp pangs awake her energy Divine.

Cease then, oh cease, fond mortal, to repine
At laws, which Nature wisely did ordain ;
Pleasure, what is it ? rightly to define,
'Tis but a short-liv'd interval from pain ;
Or rather, each, alternately renew'd,
Give to our lives a sweet vicissitude.

A N O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE

HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE.

CHARLES, son of Yorke, who on the mercy-seat
 Of justice states the bounds of right and wrong;
 Not like the vulgar law-bewilder'd throng,
 Who in the maze of error hope to meet
 Truth, or hope rather to delude with lies
 And airy phantoms, under truth's disguise,

Some wrapt in precedents, and points decreed,
 Or lop or stretch the law to forms precise:
 Some, who the pedantry of rules despise,
 Plain sense adopt, from legal fetters freed;
 Sense without science, fleeting, unconfin'd,
 Is empty guesses, and shifts with ev'ry wind.

But he, thy fire, with more discerning toil,
 Rang'd the wide field, sagacious to explore
 Where lay dispers'd or hid the precious ore;
 Then form'd into a Whole the gather'd spoil.
 Law, reason, equity, which now unite,
 Reflecting each on each a friendly light.

Blest in a guide, a pattern so compleat,
 Tread, as thou do'st, his footsteps; for not rude
 Thy genius, not uncultur'd, unsubdu'd.
 Yet there are intervals, and seasons meet,
 To smoothe the brow of thought; nor thou disdain
 Fit hour of vacance with the Muse's train.

Let meaner spirits, cast in common mould,
 Who feed on husks of learned lore, refuse
 To hear the lessons of the warbling Muse;
 Nor know that bards, the law-givers of old,
 By soothing song to moral truth beguil'd
 Man, till then fierce, a lawless race, and wild.

What

What means the lyre, by which the fabled sage
 Drew beasts to listen, and made rocks advance
 Around him as he play'd, in mystick dance?
 What, but the Muse? who soften'd human rage:
 Parent of concord, she prepar'd the plan
 Of social life, and man attun'd to man.

She taught the spheres to move in fair array,
 Each in their orbits heark'ning to her strain;
 Else would they wander o'er th' etherial plain
 Licentious, but that she directs their way:
 She aw'd to temper, by her magick spell,
 The warring elements, and powers of hell.

They err, who think the MUSES not ally'd
 To THEMIS; both are of celestial birth:
 Both give peace, order, harmony to earth:
 Both by one heav'nly fountain are supply'd;
 And men and angels hymn, in general quire,
 What law ordains, and what the NINE inspire.

A N E P O D E.

Written about the End of the Year 1756.

NOW domes and obelisks o'erspread the plain,
 Where laughing Ceres us'd to reign;
 Lands, that of old repaid their owner's care,
 Are now trim walks, and gay parterre.
 Hills sink to vallies, vallies swell to hills,
 Rocks gush with artificial rills.
 Vain petulance of wealth! this gaudy scene,
 What boots it, if unquiet spleen
 Breeds new desires; and squeamish appetite
 Loaths what was yesterday's delight?
 Better the hardy Swifs, who tills the soil,
 Lives on his little, earn'd by toil;
 There fair equality, proportion'd wealth,
 Preserve the commonweal in health;
 The farmer there beholds in lands his own
 Flocks feeding, and plantations grown.
 Laws and example there controul intrigue,
 No stain pollutes the marriage league,

No

No portion'd wives presume to domineer,

Virtue is all their portion there.

Is there, who seeks a patriot's honest fame,

Bold faction let him dare to tame,

And madd'ning licence ; acts, like these, shall raise

A monument to latest days.

But vain the task to blame degen'rate times,

If timid justice wink on crimes ;

Enormities unpunish'd gather force

Grown by example things of course.

Morals, that give authority to law,

No longer hold the land in awe.

But great and small alike pay rites divine,

At Belial's or at Mammon's shrine.

There offer all the charities of life,

The niece, the sister, and the wife.

Inhuman sacrifice ! Go then, and bawl

For Freedom ; she disdains thy call.

Freedom he loves not, who enslav'd within

Thinks poverty the greatest sin.

On

On virtue only freedom is bestow'd,
None win or woe her, but the good.
Simplicity of manners, frugal taste,
To what new climate are ye chas'd?
Instead of these—but oh! my Muse, forbear,
And let our foes the rest declare.
Tell it, with triumph, FRANCE, who best can tell,
What arts you tried, what magic spell,
Thus to transform, and into apes debase
A gallant once, and manly race;
Those, who your arms for ages have withstood,
Are by your fopperies subdued.
Oh, too severe revenge for all the slain,
Whose blood once fatten'd Creffy's plain;
Go, now secure, go, scatter wide and far,
O'er nations more than hostile war;
Till one by one a prey to force or fraud,
Grow patient of the Gallic rod.
Yet though the black'ning storm in full career
Rolls nearer on, and still more near,

BRITAIN unactive sees the spreading waste,
Content to be devour'd the last;
In utmost need, not daring to defend
Her best, her last remaining friend:
Who asks, but to restore her ancient might,
And teach her veterans, how to fight.
Rouse, BRITONS, rouse, where EUROPE'S loud alarms,
Where Glory calls, to arms, to arms.
Inspir'd by Him, whose wond'rous deeds contain
An Iliad within one campaign.
Her menac'd isle can BRITAIN hope to save
By troops in war untried, though brave?
In foreign realms first purchase fair renown,
So shall you best protect your own.
Hard lesson! say, ye Knights of ARTHUR'S, say,
Who would exchange ease, pleasure, play,
For toil, for hunger; and in perils share
With Him, whose very sport is war?
Not so of old — in fam'd ELIZA'S days
Each candidate for martial praise

Return'd

Return'd instructed from the Belgic school,
How to obey, and how to rule;
No toil, no danger, could their efforts quell;
Witness the field where SIDNEY fell,
Alike in counsel, and in arms supreme,
SIDNEY the Muses darling theme,
Himself a Muse; — oh! had propitious fate
Giv'n to thy years a riper date,
FREDERICK's exploits, which now with lustre shine
Superior, had but equall'd thine.

Whom shall we find to rival SIDNEY's fame,
And reassert our ancient claim?

Ah! hope not drooping vigour to restore
By laws, the cordial of an hour;

Let Education, BRITAIN, be thy care,
The long neglected soil prepare

For future harvests, now a thorny wood
Untill'd, uncultur'd, unsubdued:

The stinging nettle, the dull nightshade's pow'r,
Each weed that counterfeits a flow'r,

The teasing burr, the creeper sure to wound
The tree that raised it from the ground,
Pluck up betimes; eradicate the growth
Of faction, foppery, and sloth,
And treacherous ambition; these replace
With virtues of a generous race:
Calm courage, industry, and modest truth,
Plant in the breast of easy youth;
So shall maturer age the laws revere,
And morals do the work of fear.

A TRAN-

A TRANSLATION OF
 A FRAGMENT OF SOLON,
 PRESERVED IN THE
 ORATION OF DEMOSTHENES
 DE FALSA LEGATIONE.

Ημέτερα δ' ἐ πόλις κ τ λ.

ATHENS, to tutelary Pallas dear,
 Hath nothing from the Gods to fear;
 No, to her sons alone she owes her doom,
 The dire distemper lurks at home;
 Commons contending to be bought and sold,
 Rulers who riot uncontroul'd,
 Infatiate, though abounding, void of sense
 To relish decent competence;
 No ties or human or divine restrain,
 So lawless is the lust of gain;
 Each preys on each, yet with consenting zeal
 All join to rob the commonweal,

150 A FRAGMENT OF SOLON.

And claim it, as the birth-right of the strong,
To leap the bounds of right and wrong ;
Yet Justice, who the present sees and past,
Though silent, will avenge at last.

These are the maladies, which soon or late
Bring desolation on a State ;
Hence civil discord springs, hence hostile rage
Awaken'd, spares nor sex nor age ;

And cities, where none govern or obey,
Must fall to foreign arms a prey.

Such is the general fate, amongst the poor
Some exiled on a distant shore,
Enslav'd, imprison'd, lockt in cruel chains,

* * * * *

Thus publick evil spreads like a disease
From house to house through all degrees ;
The rich against it bar their gates in vain,
No bars, no fences fate restrain :
Still she pursues, and haunts, where'er ye dwell,
Or in a palace, or a cell.

A FRAGMENT OF SOLON. 151

Learn hence, *Athenians*, timely learn to know,
What ills from lawless licence flow;
Good laws diffuse good order through the whole,
Th' unjust by fit restraints controul,
Polish rough manners, curb unbridled will,
Daunt pride, and crop the buds of ill,
Restore warpt justice, bid oppression cease,
Sooth party-rancour into peace,
Quell stubborn faction, heal litigious strife,
And give and guard the sweets of life.

FRAGMENTUM.

* * * * *

Principio, quód sit numen sapiensque potensque,
Pulchra hæc declarat, quam finxit, fabrica mundi;
Summa ibi se monstrat sapientia, summa potestas.
Verum hoc concedens, cave ne justumque bonumque
Esse Deum credas, nugator ut impius ille, 5
Qui proprium ad modulum format divina, suoque,
Horrendum! arbitrio regem regit omnipotentem.
Dicere vix ausim, quonam hæc dementia serpat;
Nam cui justitiam tribuas, cui des bonitatem,
Cur non et fortis, cur non abstemius idem? 10
Immo et plura quidem, magis hisque nefanda sequuntur,
Cur non lege pari, (nempe hæc humana fatemur)
Et vindicta Deo pariter tribuatur, et ira?
Cur non his faveat, sit inexorabilis illis?
Sunt ita qui credunt, adeo tamen haud sibi constant 15
Idem, ut posse putent precibus mitescere numen;
Ergo et dona ferunt, et ad omnes curritur aras,
Muneribusque deum quærunt corrumpere, tanquam

Satrapa

Satrapa quis fuerit, non is qui condidit, et qui
Terrarum regit æternis sub legibus orbem. 20

Usque adeo in vulgum spargit commenta, sui que
Fingit ad exemplar numen venale sacerdos.

Jam si forte novus peragret per Inane cometa,
Motuve insolito, nostris ut nuper in oris ;
Bruta tremat tellus ; aut hinc atque inde meantes 25

Si Boreæ de parte vaporum ignescere tractus
Per noctem videas ; si denique tempore sudo
Cum sonitu ingenti fragor ætheris intonat ingens ;
Qualia multa redire solent redeuntibus annis :

Hæc ubi ; non deerit, sibi qui bene verterit ista 30
Prodigia, interpretæ cœli ; feret ille pavorem,
Nescio quæ portenta canens, placandaque donis.

Ergo omnis matrona, omnisque exterrita virgo
Jam tum templa adeunt, fusæque altaria circum
Vota gravi renovant percussæ corda timore. 35

Sic regit ille metus, quos indidit ; arte nec idem
Diffimili, fastu mentem distendit inani ;
Nempe hominum gens cara Deo est super omnia, testis

Hæc,

Hæc, quam formavit nobis ut sit bene solis,
 Pulchra orbis facies : tibi vestit, homuncio, tellus 40
 Purpureis gremium gemmis, tibi parturit arbos
 Ambrosios fœtus, tibi sint ut iniqua, tuæque
 Pabula luxuriæ, quicquid genus omne animantum
 Suppeditet, menfas onerat fumantibus extis.
 Infandum ! quis enim bonus ista piacula dici 45
 Audiatur, auditis ac non stomachetur ? Homulle,
 Tune audes diffusa Dei compingere in arctum
 Munera ? communis Pater, et Rex omnibus idem est,
 Omnibus ætheria quocunque hac pascimur aura.
 Tune unus felix ? Viden' ut per florea rura 50
 Exultim ludat, cultrique sit immemor agnus ?
 Aspicias, ut pavo stellatam evolvere caudam
 Gestiat, incessu reges imitatus ovanti ?
 Surgit alauda canens, et inertem carmine læto
 Suscitatur Auroram ; videas certare volucres 55
 Alternis alias, alias colludere festo
 Concentu ; numeris resonat nemus omne canoris.
 Quid pisces ? anne his etiam sua gaudia defunt ?

En illi ! squammas maculis auroque nitentes
 Ut soli ostentant ! cursus nunc atque recursus 60
 Ut varios iterant ! fugiunt, pariterque sequuntur
 In numerum, simulantque choros agitare sub undis.
 Et credamus adhuc nobis hæc omnia solis
 Mancipii dare jure Deum ? Sibi cætera vivunt
 Non minus ac nobis animalia, vivimus istis 65
 Nos etiam, partes licet hoc in dramate primas
 Sortiti ; imperitans illis dedit esse beatis
 Instinctus, rationis, homo, tibi portio major,
 Qua duce si pergas, felicitis semita vitæ
 Prona patet, tibi pandit, egens interprete nullo, 70
 Quicquid scire tuum est, rerum in compage volumen :
 Num majora cupis ? Num vis statione relicta
 In cælum ruere, et ferri super æthera pennis
 Haud tibi forte datis ? Non ora, unguisque leonis
 Bos optat, leo non humanæ munera dextræ, 75
 Omnes hi, quemcunque dedit Deus, ordine gaudent :
 Ast homo, ni divûm sedes, consortia divûm
 Obtineat, queritur se lædi a numine, tanquam

Ipsius

Ipsius ob meritum sibi debita vindicet astra.
 Attamen huc tibi spondet iter munire sacerdos, 80
 Janua promissi per quem patet unica cœli.
 Justitia hæc homini, bonitas Divina, reservat
 Præmia, mortali nempe immortalia, justus
 Scilicet est sine fine Deus, sine fine benignus;
 Verum age, fac justum, fac nostro more, bonumque,
 Non fat erit, tibi quòd dominari in cætera detur, 86
 Terra quòd hæc tam pulchra homini concessa sit uni?
 Sed nunc te retrahis, video, nunc fila retexis:
 Nescio quæ jam nunc lachrymosa sophismata fingis,
 Deque hominum fato nunc lamentaris iniquo: 90
 Quæ modo pulchra domus, dominoque aptissima tanto
 Regia, nunc eadem tellus mortalibus ægris
 Informe hospitium est, et carcere fœdus omni.
 Me melius docuit rerum experientia solers;
 Nam licet, effrænata trahit quocunque libido, 95
 Maxima pars hominum, (ut de me taceam ipse) feratur
 Horum ego crediderim fortem tamen esse beatam;
 Certe non miseram, prout hi docuere sophistæ.

Quicquid

Quicquid enim Pandora mali diffundet in orbem,
 Fabula uti narrat, spes fundo in pyxidis imo, 100
 Spes comitatur adhuc, nec in ipsa morte relinquit.
 Jam, si forte roges mea quæ sententia, dicam;
 Haud me namque piget, quamvis uno ore reclament
 Cuncta sacerdotum collegia, dicere verum.
 Nempe ego sic statuo: stabili res ordine pergunt, 105
 Ordine quæque suo, sic prima ab origine mundi:
 Jusserat omnipotens; lege hac humana reguntur
 Omnia, regna, urbes, hominum gens omnis ad unum.
 Ergo vive tua contentus forte, nec ipsi
 Quære quid extincto fiat; mors ultima meta est, 110
 Cui te paulatim subrepens præparat ætas.
 Tœdia nam vitæ crescunt, crescentibus annis,
 Donec mors aderit fessæ opportuna senectæ,
 Præ manibus gestans æternæ dona quietis:
 Haud equidem inficior, rebus quin utile nostris 115
 Commentum fiet hæc venturæ fabula vitæ;
 Scilicet hoc docuit sapientia prisca, nec ulla
 Stare quidem poterunt, dempto hoc fundamine, regna.

Interea, non quæ sint commoda quærere nostrum est,
 At quocunque viam Sophiæ vox monstrat, eundum,
 Me sive æterna componat pace sepulchrum; 121
 Sive quid ulterius post funera restet, ut aiunt,
 Tantundem est; scio me sapiente, potente creatum
 Numine, securus quicquid mihi fata reservent.

Hæc ILLE—eloquio pariterque ac mente sagaci 125
 Forte ut credideris princeps, licet illius artes
 Dicendi egregias nostrum vix carmen adumbret;
 Esto; nec inficior, *graviter* quin multa, *facete*
 Plurima, nonnulla ac videatur dicere *vere*:
 Ast idem interea veris ita falsa remiscet, 130
 Totque per ambages movet agmine serpentino,
 Quonam ut tendat iter vix demum agnoscere possis;
 Sive hoc fraude mala faciat, prudensque sciensque
 Consilium tegat, incautum ut nec tale timentem
 Alliciens animum, fallat graviore veneno,
 Seu potius credas, (quis enim non credere mallet?)
 Circumfusa tenent dubiam quia nubila mentem
 Serus enim abstrusis admovit rebus acumen.

Quid

Quid tibi præterea memorem, quàm sæpe suo se
 Confodiat mucrone; docens pugnancia secum? 140
 Nempe *Dei bonitas*, huic si vis credere, *nusquam*
Apparet, Deus interea est, prout ipse fatetur,
Communis Pater, et qui prospicit omnibus æque
Ille dedit rationis opem, qua, si libet uti,
Felicem sibi quisque queat procudere vitam. 145
 Hactenus hic recte, mox aspice, quam sibi discors,
Quisque, ait, *est felix etiam ratione relicta.*
 Siccine rem statuis? Tu, qui sapiensque potensque
 Agnoscis numen, cave ne sapientior ipso
 Numine sit, meliore via, quam qua Deus ire 150
 Jusserat, optatam qui scit contingere metam.
 Unde sed hoc constat, *res omnibus ire beate?*
 Nilne etenim distat, frugi, nequamne sit ille,
 Quem tu felicem censes? pulcherrima virtus
 Hæc nihil ad vitam possit conferre beatam? 155
 Num tibi decoctor felix, num ganeo, mæchus?
 Num patriam, atque suos qui prodidit, isne beatus?
Haud isthoc aio; verbis haud, re tamen isthoc:

Namque

Namque hoc dicendum, nisi vis pugnantia dici.

Ecquid respondes? neque enim te posse negare 160

Crediderim, quin nequitiae seges omnibus oris

Floreat, inque dies crescens caput ecferat alte.

Verum esto, id si vis, terras Astraea relinquat,

Jucunde ut vivi possit; bene necne; quid ad rem?

Sit malus ac vecors invito numine felix. 165

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F I N I S.

M B M